THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

ANNUAL

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

AUTHORISED EDITION
Starring STEPHANIE POWERS as APRIL DANCER
and NOEL HARRISON as MARK SLATE

U.N.C.L.E.

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

CONTENTS

Stories

The Dewline Affair 4
A Bit of a Wag 11
The Deep Water Affair 17
The Pluto Affair 47
A Puzzle for Uncle 70
The Kidnap Affair 81
The Little Jester 89

Strip Stories

The Captain Kidd Affair (Act I) 33
The Captain Kidd Affair (Act II) 53

Games and Features

Hot Work! 7
A Plateful of Cheer 20
Did You Know? 23
Countries and Costumes 24
Three Into One *Will* Go! 32
Dual Personality 50
Switchcraft 65
It's a Fact 67
Centuries of Beauty 68
Beauty Wardrobe 78
Operation Deception 80
Girls are Two-faced 87
April's ABC of Vitality 94

Copyright © MCMLXIX by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

All rights reserved throughout the world

Published in Great Britain by WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (Manchester) LIMITED, P.O. Box 111, 12 Lever Street, Manchester M60 1TS by arrangement with Western Publishing Co. Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Printed and bound in England by Jarrold & Sons Ltd, Norwich

12/6

THE DEWLINE AFFAIR

Act I

"I'm afraid that Miss Dancer must be presumed missing." The voice of Alexander Waverly was brisk and matter-of-fact. Only by a worried look in his eyes could Mark Slate detect that the UNCLE chief was not nearly as off-hand as he sounded.

"She was on an assignment, sir?" queried the UNCLE agent.

Waverly nodded. He pressed a button and the panelling in the wall behind him slid aside to reveal a film screen. He thumbed a switch and said tersely: "Screen the April Dancer rundown, please."

A moment later the details of the girl agent's movements appeared on the screen. They showed that she had been briefed at headquarters before leaving for the Hudson Bay area. She was to check on the mysterious disappearance of an operator from the Timberline Unit—one of the Dewline, or chain of early warning radar posts designed for the defence of North America.

After a flight to Edmonton in Alberta, April had taken a smaller plane to Port Radium on the Great Bear Lake. From there she had set

out to the Timberline Unit, but on the way she had stopped at a small settlement called Yellowknife. It was from there that her last scheduled check call had been made. After that there had been silence . . . She had never reached the Timberline.

The screen faded into darkness. Waverly turned to Mark.

"I've no need to tell you how important this assignment is, Mr. Slate," he said. "As you know, the Dewline outposts are essential to the security of the continent. We *must* know what happened to that missing operator. That is your most important job. And you will *then* try to find Miss Dancer. Is that clear?"

Mark nodded. "Shall I take the same route as she took, sir?" he enquired.

Mr. Waverly nodded. "Yes, Mr. Slate . . . and I need hardly warn you to keep a sharp eye open for THRUSH . . . When one of our agents drops out of sight, it generally means they have fallen into the hands of THRUSH . . ."

Act II

Waverly's premonition was correct. For at that moment, in an underground room six hundred miles to the north of UNCLE headquarters, April Dancer was waking from a nightmare.

It was a nightmare that had begun soon after her arrival in Yellowknife . . . She recalled a dark street, a sudden attack by three shadowy figures, and a short fight that ended with her being held down while someone bent over her with a hypodermic syringe . . .

A face swam into focus. It was smooth, round and clean-shaven. But the eyes were dead and merciless.

"Now, Miss Dancer," said the interrogator. "I shall ask you once more—what are the names of the UNCLE agents in Canada?"

April let the words sink into her brain. Then she heard her voice say weakly: "So it's THRUSH up to its tricks again!"

The eyes narrowed, and the man grabbed April and hauled her upright. "You are going to tell me what we want to know, or I am going to spoil your good looks!" he rapped.

A knife flickered. April heard its blade swish past her ear as her tormentor made a sudden slash.

"Let her alone, you devil!"

The voice that cried out was tremulous with rage. April saw a thick-set man tied up in a chair close to the table on which she was lying.

The knife-man gave a slow, mirthless smile. He flicked the knife so that it stuck quivering into the back of the chair close to the prisoner's ear.

"So you've found your tongue, eh, Duncan!" The THRUSH agent sauntered forward to recover his knife. "Well, since you are so concerned about the lady, maybe I will leave her alone, if you will cooperate. Just give me details of the Dewline . . ."

Duncan's eyes flashed. "Go to blazes!" he rapped.

The knife-man shrugged. He turned towards April again. He brought the razor-edged blade close to her face.

"Wait!" Duncan was leaning forward, straining against his bonds. "Give me some paper—and some time to think. I'll see what I can remember," he muttered.

The THRUSH agent snapped the knife-blade shut. As he pocketed the weapon he purred: "You are being sensible, Duncan . . . You shall have as much paper as you want, but I'm afraid time is limited."

At that moment April exploded

from the table. The back of her hand sliced in a powerful arc that ended against the knife-man's throat.

He staggered back, choking. April went after him. She dodged a wild blow, caught the swinging arm and used it as a lever to toss the man against the wall.

The door burst open with a crash. April whirled to find herself looking into the wicked muzzles of two THRUSH rifles.

She glanced at the kidnapped Dewline operator, and saw a look of admiration in his eyes as he smiled back. It gave April a boost. She relaxed with a shrug . . .

"Oh, well, you can't win 'em all!" she sighed.

Act III

Mark Slate had been given the "cover" of a brash buyer from an Eastern timber mill for his assignment. He was still boning-up on the subject of trees and timber when the plane arrived at Port Radium. It was something of a dead-end little town, but he managed to book a taxi—a battered green Buick sedan. The driver was a laconic character who sported a coonskin cap, no doubt to impress visitors.

"I want to get to Yellowknife," said Mark.

He spoke loudly, for the benefit of a number of openly curious bystanders. He figured that by advertising his movements he might get some action quickly.

Just *how* quickly he did not bargain for. The taxi driver, whose name was Pierre, had scarcely packed Mark's bag into the car and roared off down the dusty road when Mark noticed a camouflaged Landrover emerge from a logging road and begin to follow.

"We've got company, Pierre," he remarked.

The driver glanced into his rear-view mirror. He uttered an exclamation: "By golly! He's moving, too. I guess he's trying to overtake me."

Mark had been sizing up the two figures in the Landrover. There was something about their square heads, square jaws, square chins, and very round rifles, that reminded him of THRUSH thugs.

"I bet they'll have a job to overtake *you*, Pierre!" urged Mark.

Pierre chuckled. "You're damn right!" he said. "Hang on!"

The green Buick shifted into overdrive and picked up speed. Mark could only suppose that the veteran car must have a souped-up engine. He crouched low, and took the chance to fumble in his inside pocket for the box of super-sharp tacks with which a thoughtful blonde in Operations and Enforcement had provided him.

The road was not built for a high-speed chase.

But Pierre never batted an eyelid. He actually hummed a few bars of *Alouette* as he fought the bucking steering-wheel.

Pretending that he was in need of some air, Mark made a grab for the

side window and leaned out. The tacks that he dropped were caught in the slipstream of the fast-moving car, and showered over the road behind.

They were screeching round a tight bend a moment later, but Mark had a glimpse of the mayhem that he had caused. As the Landrover sped over the tacks its tyres blew. The vehicle spun into an almighty skid.

Pierre seemed puzzled at the disappearance of the chasing car. But he had too carefree a personality to let it worry him. He slowed down to a pedestrian sixty miles an hour, and gave out with full voice on *Alouette*.

Act IV

When they drove into Yellowknife, Mark was reminded of a frontier town. There seemed to be quite a lot of men around, all husky lumberjacks in boots, and all heading for a crowd gathered around the hotel.

"Something special happening today?" wondered Mark.

His driver was slowing to stop, but he answered over his shoulder. "Sure! It's the log-splitting contest."

"Sounds interesting," said Mark as he climbed out of the car.

"You gotta see this!" said Pierre. "There's a hundred bucks for the guy who can split the most logs within a minute."

Mark nodded. He moved down the street towards the hotel. In his city suit he felt conspicuous among the lumberjacks. But he kept up the part of a brash businessman by pushing to the front.

Rows of short logs had been set up in a cleared space. A sweating lumberjack was just splitting the last row of logs with lightning blows. The timekeeper blew a whistle and the contestant retired, mopping his brow.

Another lumberjack jumped forward to try his luck. As he picked up his axe and spat on his hands, Mark was aware that the man gave him a shrewd sideways glance.

A tiny warning bell began to sound inside Mark's brain. The big man with the big muscles now swinging the axe had altogether too square a head and neck for Mark's peace of mind . . . But a wall of solid humanity had closed behind the UNCLE agent, and he could not escape.

"Go!" yelled the timekeeper. The lumberjack began to swing his axe. The logs parted neatly under his cleaving blade.

Suddenly the axeman changed his stance. He also changed the direction of his blow, slicing off a hefty hunk that went flying like a bullet.

Mark saw it coming for him, but it was too late when he started to duck. The wedge caught him a glancing blow on the side of the head, and Mark lost interest in the contest . . .

Act V

He woke with a throbbing pain behind his eyes. He gritted his teeth to stifle a groan, and willed himself to open his eyelids. He found himself lying on a stretcher in an ambulance. Close by sat a white-coated male nurse. He was watching another man

HOTWORK!

April finds that chasing THRUSH agents is exacting and exhausting work and, once her assignment is over, there is nothing she likes better than to relax in an enveloping armchair with a long cool drink to sip or an ice-cold sorbet to nibble.

Here are two of her favourites which you might find equally refreshing after a long game of tennis or just whenever things get too hot for you!

Wimbledon Whip

1 level tablespoon lemon curd
¼ pint milk
3 tablespoons water
1 brickette dairy ice-cream
2 teaspoons lemon juice
slices of cucumber and sprigs of mint to garnish

Stir the lemon curd and water together until well blended, then add the lemon juice. Pour the milk into a basin and gradually stir in the lemon mixture. Finally add the ice-cream, cut into cubes, and whisk vigorously until frothy. Pour into tall glasses and serve immediately garnished with the cucumber and mint.

Orange Sorbet

1 can Findus orange juice
½ pint of water
4 ozs. castor sugar
1 egg white

Open the can of orange juice. Boil the water and sugar together for 5 minutes. Stir in the orange juice and pour into the ice trays from the freezing compartment of your refrigerator or into a shallow dish. Freeze until half frozen. Whisk the egg white until stiff and gently stir in the orange mixture. Pour back into the trays or dish and refreeze until firm. Serve spooned into glasses and garnished with a coil of fine orange peel.

in a white coat filling a hypodermic syringe—a somewhat tricky operation since the ambulance was moving at speed.

"Hey! I'll bet this is the first time THRUSH has bagged an UNCLE agent with a flying chip!" chuckled the nurse. "Isn't Horace great with the axe, though? He scored a bull's-eye when he swung at that log."

The man with the syringe grunted. He lowered his instrument, ready to use it on Mark. "Let's see what effect the truth drug has on this guy," he said.

The male nurse bared Mark's forearm, ready for the jab. "It didn't have any effect on the girl, anyway," he remarked. "I guess they indoctrinate these UNCLE people pretty well."

Mark waited until the second man was bending over him with the needle. Then he exploded into action . . .

He brought up his knee sharply. It met the other's square head with a dull *clunk*, which was followed by a tinkle as the syringe spun away and shattered against the wall.

Mark rolled off the stretcher in one fluid movement. The two THRUSH agents were in a tangle on the floor, cursing loudly.

A leap took the UNCLE agent to the rear door. He flung it open. A ribbon of concrete flowed speedily away from under the wheels of the ambulance, defying him to jump.

At that moment they began to cross a bridge. Below, Mark could see the clear waters of a wide river. He made a quick decision. Hauling himself to the roof of the ambulance, he launched himself over the edge of the bridge in a breathtaking dive.

He hit the water seconds later. As he arrowed deep, he wondered if he was being frozen solid in the process. At last he fought his way to the surface of the icy river. He trod water, gasping for breath.

Blam blam blam! A hail of bullets kicked up the water all around him. Mark caught a glimpse of white-coated figures slithering down the bank from the road.

"I'd never feel a bullet now, I'm so cold!" mused Mark morosely. He went into a racing crawl and reached the bank under an umbrella of hot lead.

He ran for cover on legs that he could not feel. The numbness of his ice-cold ducking posed a problem that would have to be dealt with quickly.

He moved into the woods, looking for shelter enough to strip and dry. But a few moments later he came across a log hut, close to the base of a wooden fire-watching tower.

Mark guessed it was a shelter used by the fire watchers. He breathed a prayer of relief as he spotted the stacks of chopped firewood in the porch.

A few moments later he was inside the hut, and had lit a fire in the pot-bellied stove. He found a blanket and wrapped himself in it while his clothes dried.

He had taken out his communicator from his wet jacket and laid it on the table. Suddenly it began to bleep. He snatched it up and extended the aerial.

"April? Is that you?"

There was no mistaking the voice of his fellow-agent, though she spoke in little more than a whisper. "Yes, Mark. I—I'm a prisoner—of THRUSH . . . but don't try to rescue me . . ."

There was a rasping sound, and Mark guessed that April's communicator had been snatched from her.

Then a man's voice said: "Miss Dancer is right. You will be very foolish to try to find her, Mr. Slate . . . But if you will return to the ambulance waiting at the bridge, we may perhaps arrange for her to stay alive . . . You have ten minutes. Then you will hear your charming colleague being garroted!"

Mark snapped his communicator shut. He leaped to his feet and began to pull on his damp clothing.

"Ten minutes!" he said to himself. "It could be a bluff—but I can't take the risk . . ."

An idea came to him. Outside he turned and ran towards the fire-watching tower. He swarmed up the ladder to the platform. And took out a compass-like device.

"That last call came from somewhere in this vicinity," he said to himself. "This gadget will show me where there's unusual electrical activity . . ."

The needle spun round the dial as he touched a knob. Then it slowed, quivered, and locked into a steady position.

Following the direction of the pointing arrow, Mark searched the sea of trees below . . . Then he uttered an exclamation as his eyes picked out a flash of metal in a clearing close to the river. "Got you!" he rapped.

He climbed swiftly to the ground and sprinted through the forest.

He stopped fifty yards from the long, low log building he had spotted from the watch tower. He looked round carefully for the first guard. Only the glint of his rifle gave the man away, for he was lounging behind a fallen tree, wearing a camouflage jacket.

It took Mark four precious minutes of patient stalking before he could leap on the man. Mark's arm swung high . . . once . . . twice . . . and the guard lay unconscious over the fallen trunk.

Mark picked up the THRUSH rifle and ran light-footed to the door of the building. He kicked it open and went inside with a rush.

The second guard was half-way out of a chair, his huge hands grasping a rifle, and his square jaw dropping open to shout the alarm.

Mark's rifle spoke first. The guard teetered over and slid to the floor. The UNCLE agent stepped over his victim and went through the door that the man had been guarding.

The tallest in England, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral is 404 feet high. In the top of the spire, to protect it from harm, there is said to be a tiny box containing a piece of cloth believed to be a relic from the Madonna's clothing.

There were steps leading down. As Mark went down them, two at a time, the smell of oil and the hum of machinery came to his nostrils. He saw that the THRUSH people had done their usual expert job in setting up a compact power-station underground.

Mark looked around at his gleaming surroundings, at the banks of electronic equipment with their winking lights, and at the humming machinery.

"What a set up! But why here?" he wondered to himself.

He was on the move all the time. He sprinted between the banks of machinery, heading for another door. He was five paces from it when the first alarm went off . . . *Clang clang clang!*

He kicked open the door and dived flat on his face. The THRUSH agents who were leaping to their feet from chairs and tables caught the full fury of Mark's withering fire.

Some threw themselves into corners, firing as they dropped. Mark kept up a fusillade until the opposition faded out. Then he made a dive for a door at the far side of the room.

As he burst through it he saw April tied up in a chair, with the Dewline operator also a prisoner close by.

"Are you all right, love?" he asked as he set her free.

"I'm okay, Mark!" she answered. "Cut Duncan free and let's get out of this hell-hole!"

"Grab yourselves a couple of guns and get going!" said Mark. "We're going to take this THRUSH riff-raff with us, and then I'm going to blow up this place."

Act VI

Back at the Dewline station, later, Duncan was shaking hands with the two UNCLE agents before they returned to headquarters in New York.

"What exactly were they planning to do with that underground equipment of theirs?" he wondered.

"Simple really," said Mark. "THRUSH figured that it would be possible to jam one of the Dewline radar stations—and they chose Timberline as the remotest."

"That way they could punch a hole in our whole defensive network," added April. "And can you imagine how many Powers would fall over themselves to curry favour with THRUSH when they knew about *that*?"

Duncan gave a low whistle. "And they expected *me* to provide the technical know-how, eh? Gee, Miss Dancer, I'm sure glad you came after me."

The girl from UNCLE smiled sweetly. "All part of the job!" she said. "So don't bother to thank us. Just keep the Dewline working!"

A BIT OF A WAG

Act I

Alexander Waverly gave April Dancer, the girl from UNCLE a calculating look as he spoke. "You're not questioning the assignment, Miss Dancer, I hope?"

"Certainly not. You're the boss, sir," April hastened to say. "It's just that I've never had this kind of client in my care before. He's rather odd."

"It's a she, not a he," Waverly replied.

April looked down at the plump, velvet-eyed, blue roan spaniel and caressed its head with her slim hand. She was rewarded by a lolloping tongue rasping across her palm, and a frantic wagging of a broad, yet stumpy tail.

"This dog is more important to Professor Ware than the formula he has just completed," Waverly went on. "If this formula, worth at least a million dollars, falls into the hands of THRUSH, the syndicate to whom it is sold will be able to manufacture the cheapest, yet deadliest nerve gas in the world. It could start a full scale war should it fall into the wrong hands."

"But where does the dog come in?" April wanted to know.

"Well, the Professor is going to a hideout in Wisconsin, a small log cabin in the outback. He's working on the plan of a long-range missile. He'll look too conspicuous travelling there with his dog. THRUSH knows he has one, so I'm sending the Professor by air with two of our agents. Besides, the dog gets airsick and we don't want to upset the big man in any way."

"Love me, love my dog, philosophy," April mused.

'Exactly. Now, Miss Dancer, off with you. It's a two-day drive to Wisconsin. See the dog has plenty to eat and drink, and guard her with your life. Mark Slate is waiting for you in the car. I'll meet you both at the cabin in two days' time." Waverly dismissed her with a nod.

Mark Slate grinned cheekily as April reached the car. "Nice-looking dog, Miss. A little too fat, though."

"You can say that again," April grunted, as she heaved the animal on to the back seat. This time her face was covered in kisses as a sign of thanks, and the stumpy tail beat a tattoo against the upholstery.

"She's lovely really," April confessed. "Quite a change from some of the characters we get landed with. At least she won't talk our heads off."

"More like eat our heads off," Mark grinned again as he observed the Pickwick-like contours of their charge.

In a short space of time they had left the whirr of the city traffic and were travelling through peaceful, almost desert-like country. As the clock on the dashboard showed they had covered three hundred miles, the dog, who had fallen asleep at the start of the journey, began to stir.

"I suppose she's hungry," April said, her eyes scanning the horizon.

"Come to think of it a coffee and a hamburger wouldn't come amiss with me. Look, there's a roadhouse ahead."

Minutes later they entered the glass and chrome ultra modern dining-room.

"A little too much, don't you think?" April asked coolly eyeing a blonde mini-mini skirted waitress.

"Not from where I'm sitting," Mark enthused.

They ordered a light meal and a steak for the dog who wagged her tail expectantly as the plate was placed before her. Washing the meat down with a drink of water she began to scratch in a lazy contented way.

"By the way," said April. "The Professor has the formula with him, hasn't he?"

Mark winked. "Not on your life."

"Of all the nerve. I do think Waverly could have let me in on it," April was a trifle angry. "Where is it then?"

Mark cast a furtive glance around the room and carefully adjusted his collar, giving his companion a knowing look.

"Oh, I see. The formula is written on your collar." Her anger quickly melted.

"That's right. All one has to do is hold it under a lamp. The writing then appears as the light rays release the ink. Actually a hotted-up version of the old invisible ink trick."

April suddenly gave Mark a hefty kick on the shins.

"*Ouch!*" he yelled. "What was that for?"

Before she could reply he became aware the blonde waitress was at his elbow asking "Anything else, sir?"

He shook his head and paid the bill.

As April slipped the leash on to the dog and watched the girl move away she whispered: "Do you think she overheard?"

Mark looked worried. "I hope not. There's one thing though, she looks less like a THRUSH agent than this dog of ours. But, just in case, let's get out of here."

Act II

The car's powerful engine hungrily ate up the miles as they sped through town after town, and almost four hours later Mark yawned sleepily. "It will be dark soon. Take the wheel for an hour or two then we'll pull up somewhere for the night." He glanced at the back seat, where the dog snored contentedly. "Who said something about a dog's life?"

It was ten o'clock when they arrived at a secluded but attractive motel off the highway. After checking in they bade each other goodnight and retired thankfully to their respective rooms.

The dog's tail wagged joyfully as April heaved her on to the bed and said, "You can share my bed tonight. I'm supposed to be guarding you, although it should be the other way round."

Minutes later both were fast asleep.

Act III

April was rudely awakened by something cold and hard being pressed behind her ear.

"Go away, dog. It's not time to get up yet," she grumbled.

"It is for you, my dear." The voice had the cold ruthless quality of a diamond slicing through glass.

A kind of icy coldness clawed at the pit of her stomach but the rigid training she had received from UNCLE stood her in good stead. As always, her brain remained crystal clear. Her hand felt stealthily for the tiny pistol beneath her pillow . . . but suddenly the room was flooded with light.

She immediately recognised one of THRUSH's top agents, Van Gelda, accompanied by his armed henchman Big Louie who, if one judged by appearances, would have been more at home behind the bars of a cage labelled 'Gorilla'.

Standing between them was Mark, looking a little shamefaced under April's scrutiny.

"The formula. We want it," Van Gelda snapped, pressing the snub-nosed automatic even harder into April's skull.

She winced and moved slightly, whereupon the dog opened her eyes and gazed in pained surprise at the group for disturbing her rest.

"We haven't got it," Mark said.

"Yes, you have," Van Gelda hissed. "It's written on a collar, so our agent informs us. Yours or the one this fat creature is wearing. I now intend to find out which."

For a split second he transferred his gaze from April, who moved with lightning speed. Whipping the pistol from underneath her pillow she aimed and fired in one movement. An almost invisible jet of fluid hit Van Gelda in the face, and he fell to the ground gasping for air as the deadly gas overcame him. Big Louie lunged towards the girl from UNCLE and squeezed the trigger of his gun. She paled as a bullet thudded into the wall, missing her head by a fraction of an inch.

He didn't get a chance for a second shot.

Mark sprang forward and knocked him unconscious with a perfectly placed karate blow to the back of the neck.

"Quick, let's get out of here while these two are sleeping it off," he snapped. "THRUSH knows we have the formula and they'll try again."

The vehicle's tyres spat gravel as it raced through the night like a huge black panther, it's headlights probing the blackness as if seeking more THRUSH agents along the way.

Act IV

April's fingers were beating out a rhythm on the coffee cup as her eyes carefully scanned the crowded restaurant. "Three more hours and we meet the Professor and deliver this mutt to him." As she fondled the silver grey head she murmured, "I'll miss the old girl. She sort of grows on you."

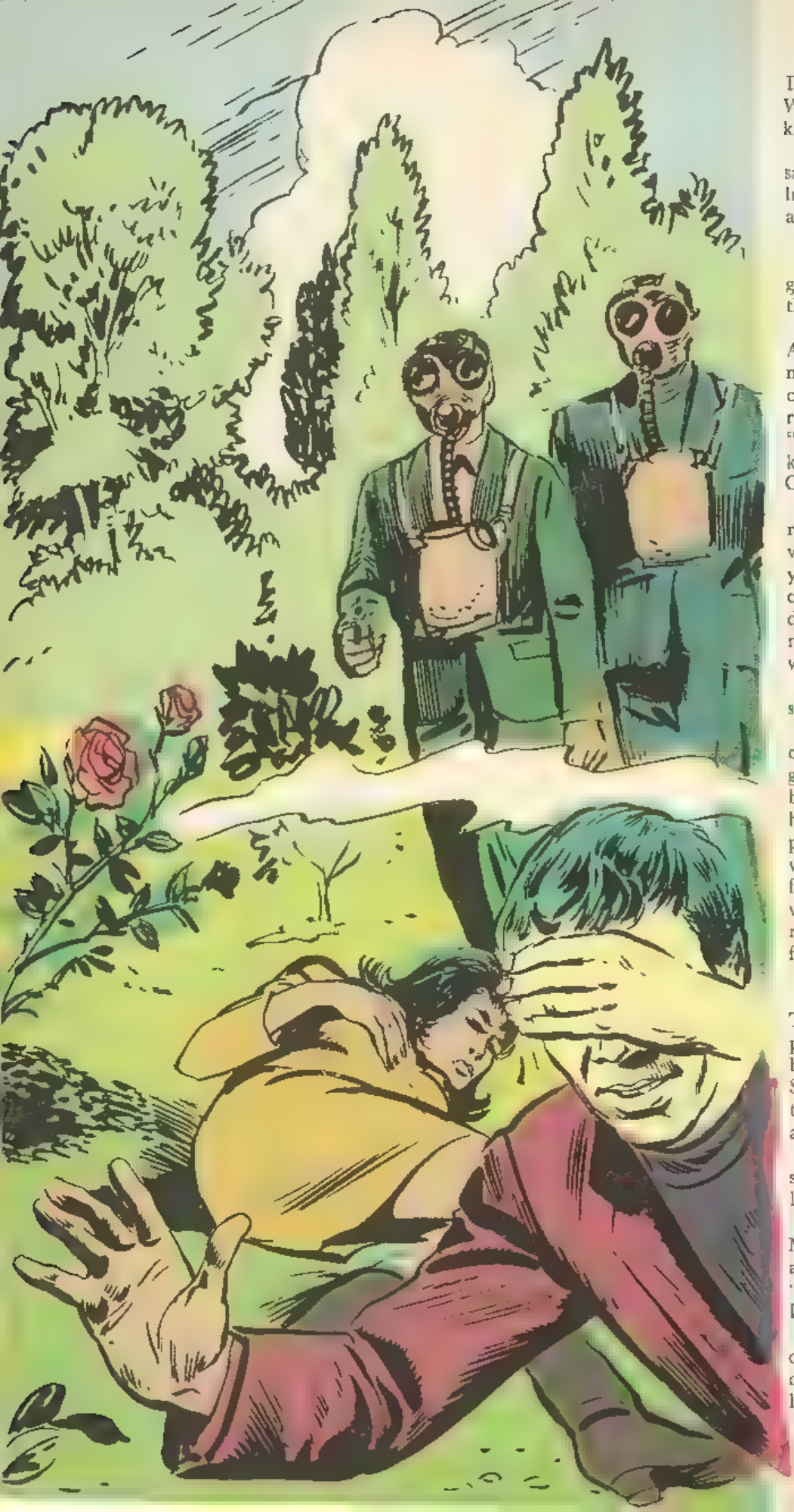
Mark smiled. "What's her name?"

"Dunno. Waverly said it was a she."

"Well, the way she eats, Bessie Bunter would be appropriate," Mark declared.

April giggled then quickly became serious. "I can't understand why THRUSH haven't tried again. Van Gelda knows we have the formula on a collar." Her eyes clouded with suspicion. "You don't think the formula is on the *dog's* collar and *yours* is a decoy?"

Mark shook his head. "I know now that waitress must have been a



THRUSH agent, because only Waverly, the Professor and myself knew about the collar.'

They left the restaurant and Mark said. "I'm going to walk the dog a little and stretch my own legs. How about you?"

April readily agreed.

They walked slowly along the grass verge skirting the building with the dog plodding behind.

Passing a clump of rose bushes April gasped with delight. "What magnificent blooms. Let's go for a closer look." She bent over the deep red blooms and inhaled deeply. "What a gorgeous perfume. I never knew roses could smell so heavenly. Come, take a sniff."

Mark shrugged his shoulders in resignation. "Really, women! Here we are on a dangerous mission and you ask me to sniff flowers." He crossed to her side and breathed deeply. "Too sickly for me," he muttered. "Hey, April what's wrong?"

"That perfume! It must be some sort of a gas," she whispered faintly.

Mark leapt forward and tried to catch her as she slid slowly to the ground. But his own knees suddenly buckled and he lost all control of his body. Through the mist of sickly perfume that clouded his brain and vision he saw two figures emerge from the bushes. His mind registered vaguely that they were wearing gas-masks . . . but somehow they looked familiar.

Act V

The girl from UNCLE was aware of a pounding in her head and of cords biting cruelly into her slim wrists. She slowly opened her eyes and the two evil faces of the THRUSH agents swam into focus.

"What do you think of our specially scented roses?" Van Gelda's voice bit like acid.

April noticed he was holding both Mark's and the dog's collar as she answered with a shade of humour. "I'll never sniff one again. Not unless I'm wearing a gas-mask, of course."

Mark, who was fastened to the opposite side of the pillar as his companion, cast his eyes around the large gloomy room.

Now, the formula. How is it secreted on to one of these collars? Speak, or you all die." Van Gelda's voice was most business-like

"The dog. What have you done with her?" The hint of fear died out of April's voice as the dog got up from beneath the table and waddled towards her upon hearing her speak.

Big Louis shambled towards the animal at Van Gelda's command, the wicked-looking automatic in his hand

"Shoot it, Louie, if these two don't play ball."

Both UNCLE agents paled as Big Louie pressed the gun behind the unsuspecting spaniel's ear

"Oh no, please," April's eyes filled with tears

Van Gelda smiled cruelly at the girl's distress.

Mark was tight-lipped His brain, drilled to resist sentiment, said let it die. His heart, still vulnerable however, won the battle. He spoke with an air of defeat. "The formula is written on my collar. Just hold it under a lamp."

Van Gelda hurried to the table but he held the *dog's* collar under the light. He smiled his satisfaction. "Well, well, the oldest trick in the book. So simple I overlooked it But I'm not that stupid as to think the real formula is written on *your* collar" He flung Mark's neckpiece contemptuously to the floor

Mark and April covered their amazement beautifully at the sudden turn of events. So Waverly knew what he was doing as usual. The dog was a decoy with her collar.

"It won't take long to decode this As for you, my friends, let's see if you can escape from your bonds before this bomb goes off It's small, but deadly, and timed to detonate in fifteen minutes." He removed a cylinder like object which ticked ominously from his jacket and placed it on the table With an evil leer at the group he and Big Louie were gone

April acted instantly the moment they left. Lowering her head slightly, she pulled a razor-sharp file, four inches in length, from out of the lapel of her coat with her mouth. She spoke with difficulty, because of the file clamped between her teeth, telling Mark to shuffle his body downwards like she was doing. This they did until both were seated on the floor

"Now what?" Mark demanded "That bomb looks mighty unhealthy"

"I'm going to turn my head as far round as I can and drop the file near your hands. Try and reach it. It's our only chance," April directed

It fell, more by luck than judgement, almost at Mark's fingertips. The sweat stood out on his brow as he wriggled his fingers and finally reached it. "Got it!" he breathed

It was several frantic minutes before April felt her bonds snap; one false move on Mark's part would have meant certain death for her had he severed the radial artery in her wrist

The moment she was free she got shakily to her feet and released her companion Picking up his collar and grabbing the dog in his arms Mark staggered from the room, with April in pursuit. It wasn't until they were a respectable distance from the house that Mark thankfully put down the dog and gasped.

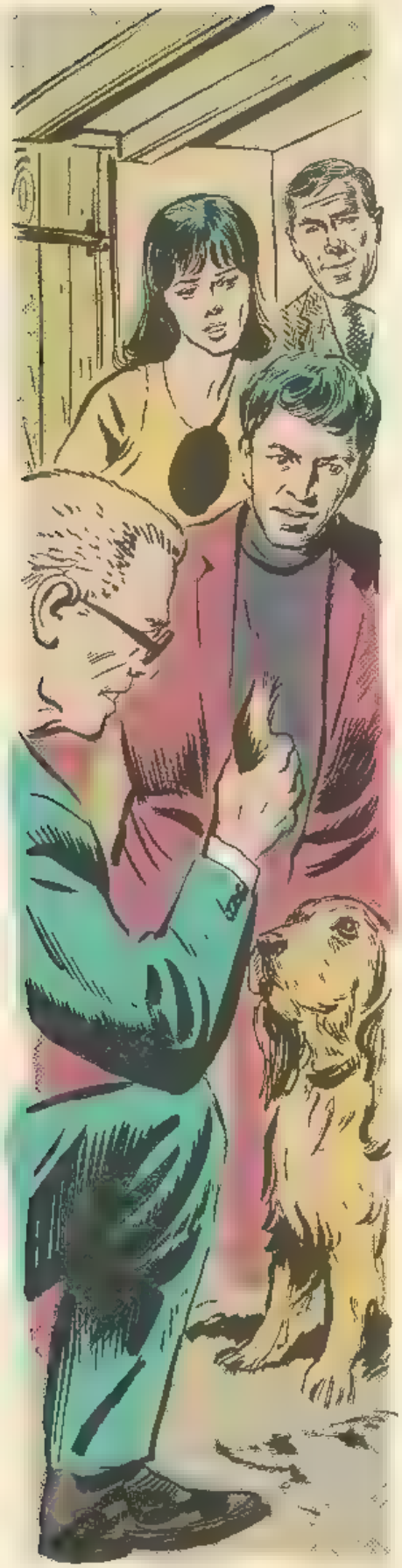
'Remind the Professor to put her on a diet, will you?"

Before April could reply the air was shattered by an explosion, and as the dust settled they saw a pile of rubble emerge all that was left of the building they had just fled

Wiping her brow April withdrew a slimline radio communicator from the pocket of her pale blue jacket "Channel D," she ordered

"Ah, Miss Dancer Everything going well, I hope?" Waverly's voice was smooth, like syrup sliding out of a jug

"One could truly say with a bang," April replied with laboured



delicacy. She described briefly what had happened

"Mm, yes," Waverly said "As I expected. Bring Slate's collar back with you. It is most important to the Professor "

"No doubt it is, sir." We'll be with you as soon as possible."

Act VI

Mark opened the door of the log cabin, set way back among the stately pine trees.

The dog gave a yelp of delight when she saw her bearded master Professor Ware hugged her unashamedly and was almost smothered in kisses

"My little Mata," he whispered tenderly, "I must buy you a new collar "

"So that's her name What a strange one. Why do you call her that?" April couldn't hide her curiosity

Mata Hari, my dear, was the greatest spy of all time. I wish we had more like her in UNCLE now," Waverly said dryly." But you, of course, my dear, wouldn't remember her. She belongs way in the past," he added hastily as April looked a little hurt at his remarks

"Your collar . . where is it? It is most important to me " The Professor took it eagerly from Mark's hand and held it under a lamp, then beamed with satisfaction. "Mata, my darling, all is well. We will go and prepare this right away."

"Prepare what?" April asked blankly

"Why, the new recipe I have invented for Mata. Steak done this way is superb. Why, I even eat it myself "

Mark looked utterly flabbergasted. "But, sir don't tell me THRUSH got the *right* collar, after all?"

"Bah, no!" barked the Professor. "That recipe was for lamb, but Mata got tired of it Still THRUSH might enjoy it once they get it decoded." He slapped his thighs and roared with laughter at the prospect

April flopped weakly into a chair and addressed Alexander Waverly "Don't tell me, sir, that the Professor was carrying the formula himself and *we were* the decoy?"

"Certainly not! Show them, Professor," Waverly looked most offended.

The Professor's eyes sparkled as he spoke. "Here is the reason why I call my little darling Mata " He dropped to his knees and took hold of his pet's stumpy tail.

Mark and April gaped in utter incredulity as it came away in his hand

He put his finger inside its hollowness and withdrew a tiny roll of micro film which he handed to Waverly "There you are. Do with it as you please."

"But but . . . her tail. It's a false one." April stammered.

"Of course it is." the Professor declared stoutly." And why not? Look at the silly little thing nature endowed her with and, to make matters worse, it's hairless. I cannot make hair grow, so I did the next best thing. I made her a tail wig. Look how sad she is now without her false tail "

The dog sat quietly looking utterly crestfallen, when she saw her mock tail held in her master's hand. Without further ado he took hold of her and made a few quick movements; in seconds the tail was securely fixed back

She wagged it joyfully as the Professor said. "You ladies, Miss Dancer, wear your wigs and false eyelashes and what have you. Why shouldn't my little Mata wear a false tail?"

"Why not?" giggled April "But how does she keep it on?"

"That, my dear young lady, is one formula I will never divulge. It would be most ungentlemanly of me "

"Well, it's a pleasure to see a tail wag so happily, false or not," April concluded

"One might call you yourself a bit of a wag, Professor," Mark added dryly.

At this remark April shook with laughter and seconds later Waverly and Mark joined in

They were still laughing as the Professor marched into the kitchen to try out the new recipe, Mata followed eagerly at his heels, tail wagging so furiously they thought this time it must surely drop off.

THE DEEP WATER AFFAIR

Act I

The tiny rowing-boat pushed its way through a wall of white sea mist. The swirling, damp clouds of vapour eddied around.

April Dancer shivered and spoke in a low voice to her fellow agent Mark Slate, who was rowing. "At this rate we'll never find the buoy!"

Mark gave her a quizzical glance and rested on his oars. As the splashing ceased, there was an eerie silence. Faintly they could hear the waves breaking on the beach, and in the distance a ship's fog-horn bellowed.

"Don't you trust my seamanship, love?" he teased. "Did I never tell you that my grandfather was the captain of a clipper ship?"

She pouted. "I don't believe you!" she said. Then looking around with a glad cry she said: "Oh, it's clearing a bit . . and look, Mark, there's another rowing-boat!"

Through the thinning mist they could make out a blunt-nosed dinghy. Two men were leaning over the side, and the little boat suddenly rocked wildly as they hauled something out of the sea.

"Hey! They've got a buoy!" grunted Mark. "I bet it's the one we're after!"

April had glimpsed the marking on the buoy: two red stripes and one white. "That's the one! That's Gagg's colours!" she snapped. "We've got to stop them!"

Mark put his back into the rowing. Their hired boat forged through the waves. April knelt in the bows. She took her gun from her shoulder-bag and checked it.

Suddenly the two men in the other boat heard the splash of approaching oars.

April heard one of them shout "Hey! Let's go! We got company."

April sang out, "Stop!" and raised her gun so that the men could see it.

But the others were not to be intimidated. April caught the glint of a gun barrel.

"Down, Mark!" she yelled.

The crack of the rifle was deadened by the mist. The bullets sang a vicious song around the UNCLE agents.

April had thrown herself down in the thwarts. She answered with a couple of shots, aiming to try and hole the other boat. Before she could see

the result of her shots, the sea mist thickened, and the other boat was swallowed in the grey-white nothingness

Mark rested on the oars, panting. "Hear anything of them?" he whispered.

The two agents strained their ears. For a moment only the slap of waves under the forefoot of their own boat mocked them Then they both heard a drone. It grew louder

"Sounds like a motor-boat," said Mark.

April looked anxious. "I hope it's not headed towards us," she said "We'd better get ready to jump!"

The drone grew to a muffled roar Suddenly the power-boat materialised. It leaped out of the bank of mist, travelling at high speed For a moment it seemed that it might shoot past the rowing-boat. Then the sharp prow swerved deliberately.

As the dark shape bore down on the rowing-boat, Mark jumped to his feet with a yell; "Jump for it!"

They dived from opposite sides of the boat. As April hit the water she heard the tearing of timbers as their craft was sliced in two. She thought she heard a despairing yell from Mark . . . then the cold grey waters of the Atlantic closed over her head as she dived deep.

Act II

Half an hour later, April struggled ashore. She had made a fruitless search of the area in which the crash occurred, hoping to find Mark. She could not get out of her mind that last despairing yell

She rested on the beach. When she had recovered a little, she took out her communicator. A few moments later she was talking to Alexander Waverly, in UNCLE headquarters in New York

"Yes, Miss Dancer? Have you and Mr. Slate managed to trace this man Gaggs?" The voice of their chief was as matter-of-fact as if he was chatting about the weather.

"Gaggs is dead, sir!" Her answer was needlessly curt. But she rattled on: "No microfilms in his clothing, or in his luggage at the motel . . . we searched the room, too. The only thing of interest was a buoy—the kind they use down here in Maine for marking the spot where they've put down lobster baskets. Each lobster fisherman has to be registered, and he is given colours for his buoys This particular buoy was interesting. It unscrewed, and there was a hollow big enough to hide microfilm in . . . Mark and I figured Gaggs might have another buoy like it floating somewhere in the bay. So we rowed out in a sea mist, and found two men just grabbing the buoy Then a big power-boat tried to run us down, and we had to swim for it. Now I can't find Mark –and I'm worried! He might have got hurt when we were run down, sir."

The set crackled, and Waverly's voice sounded sympathetic as he said: "Nasty shock, Miss Dancer. But I've no doubt Mr. Slate has escaped injury, and will make contact with you before long. In the meantime, it rather looks as if your hunch about the buoy containing the microfilms could be right, eh? You must find the men who took it as quickly as possible, and get hold of the microfilms "

Act III

April put away the communicator She was shivering from her ducking She knew she must soon get into dry clothes

The mist was lifting. She spotted boats bobbing at their moorings, and knew she was only a few hundred yards from the tiny port from which she and Mark had set out.

She walked briskly towards it. Near the end of the jetty was parked the green Chevrolet that they had hired in Boston. Her heart sank when she saw that the car was empty, for she had hoped she might find Mark in it.

Then she stiffened, and forgot all about Mark For she saw another car, . two-tone Pontiac, parked further down the jetty. And walking towards it were two men in yachting caps, who had just come from a big power-boat.

It was the power-boat that had run them down in the mist!

April dodged out of sight behind the jetty wall. Nimbly she clambered over the rocks, until she judged she was about opposite the parked Pontiac.

Then, slowly, she raised her head and peeped over the wall.

Directly below her was the car. The two men had climbed into it, and taken off their caps to reveal close-cut and square heads. The driver had . black moustache, and April heard him say: "Too bad about that mist, Max Gave us no chance to circle round and make sure of those two UNCLE agents."

The other shrugged. "Aw, even THRUSH can't have everything their own way," he grunted "Wasn't our fault about the mist, Jigs!"

Jigs grunted and reached for the ignition button. "Better go and report," he said.

As the car moved away from the little port, April vaulted the wall. She ran to the hired car, started it up and sped after the THRUSH men

They were heading for the town. But halfway down the coast road they swung into a parking lot in front of an untidy sprawl of wooden buildings which bore the sign: Joe's Bait Shop

April stopped her car on the roadside, and walked towards the shop She had forgotten about her wet clothes, but now she realised that they were bound to attract attention She decided to brazen it out

Through the glass panel in the door she could see that several fisher men were standing around inside. There was no sign of Jigs and Max.

April opened the door and walked in

The men in the shop turned to stare. A stout person in a huge blue seaman's sweater was selling a fishing-rod to a customer, but he left everything and came towards the girl with a look of open curiosity on his fat face.

"Afternoon, Miss," he began. "You been in the water, eh?"

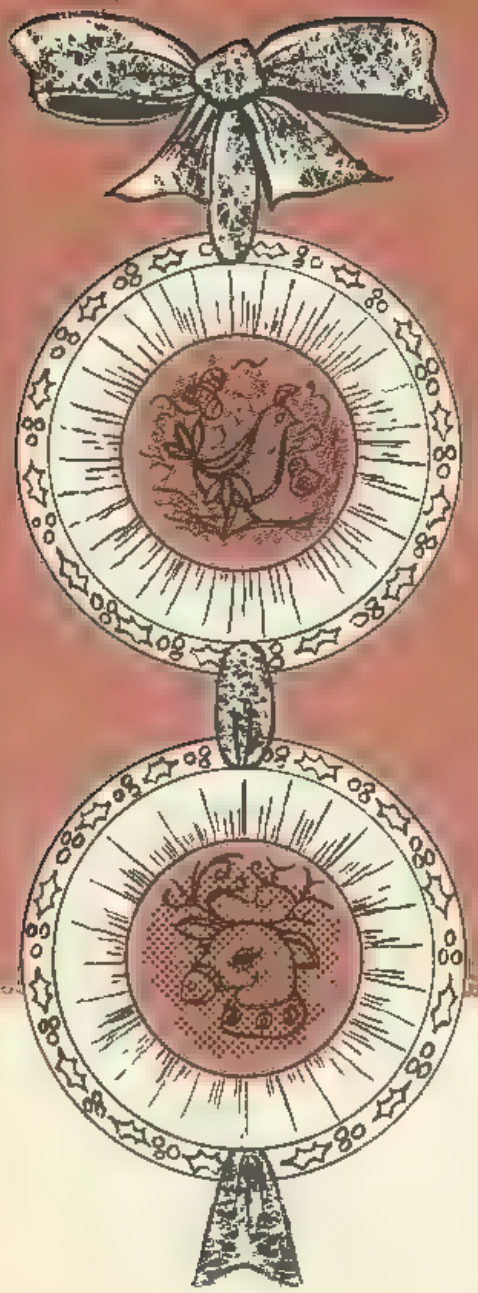
April nodded. "I fell in," she said "But I'm all right. I wonder if you've heard of anyone finding a lobster-buoy? The colours are two red stripes and one white."

She could sense at once that the atmosphere in the shop had turned electric with sudden interest. The fishermen edged closer to listen

The fat man, obviously the proprietor Sam, gave her a close look. "Those are Joss Gagg's colours," he said. "You a friend of his?"

April said warily "I know him"

She was ready to jump into action at the first sign of hostility But Sam seemed satisfied with her vague reply, and waved her to follow him



A PLATEFUL OF CHEER

Nothing adds more to the fun of Christmas than adorning the home with gay and attractive decorations. Not only does it give everywhere a marvellous Christmasy feeling, but it is fun to do as well.

Decorations need not be elaborate or expensive. Simple, home-made ones can be just as effective.

Here is an attractive wall decoration which is easy to make and cheap, too! Try it and see how gay and festive it is.

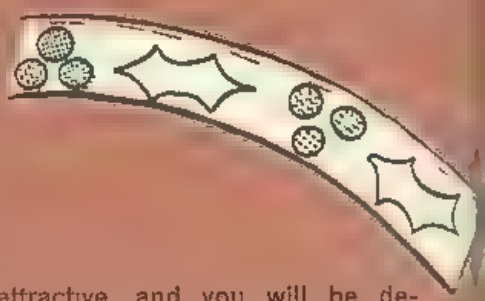
To make it you will need: two aluminium foil plates; a sheet each of red and green paper; two old Christmas cards; one yard of red ribbon

How to make. From the red paper cut small circles to represent holly berries, and from the green paper cut leaves. Decorate the outside edge of the foil plate, as shown in the diagram, fixing the cut outs with glue.

Choose two pictures from old Christmas cards that will fit in the centre of the plates. Trim to size and glue one in the centre of each. Punch a small hole in the top and the bottom of the plate at outside edge and thread the two plates on to the red ribbon.

Attach to wall with drawing-pin or small tack. A small piece of artificial holly, or a bow made from a piece of the ribbon, can be fixed at the top to hide the drawing-pin.

One of these hung either side of a doorway or fireplace looks very



attractive, and you will be delighted by the way they shine and add an extra sparkle to your decorations.

"Funny you should ask," he grunted over his shoulder, as he led the way to a back room, "because a couple of guys just brought in one of Gaggs's buoys."

They passed between racks of fishing tackle and barrels containing bait. Everything smelt of the sea.

Down a creaking passage went Sam, and the girl from UNCLE stepped lightly after him.

Instinct warned her that her quest was going too smoothly. And she had still seen no sign of the two THRUSH birds.

Sam opened a door and motioned her inside. "I shoved it in the stockroom," he said with a broken-toothed grin. "Help yourself, Miss."

But April held back. With a sweet smile she said "After you!"

The proprietor shrugged. He shambled into a room stacked with crates and boxes. She saw him motion to a red and white striped buoy. "That it?" he asked.

She nodded. "I'd like to take it with me."

She expected an objection, an argument, a suspicious glance. But it was all too easy, the way he hesitated just for a moment and then shrugged in agreement.

"Okay. Being as you're a friend of Gaggs . . . take it!"

He even carried the buoy outside for her. She opened the back of the car and he laid the buoy on the seat. She thanked him with a smile, and slid behind the wheel.

As she drove away, she checked her rear-view mirror and saw that the THRUSH car was still in the park.

Then the buoy exploded with a dull roar, and April lost sight of everything in a merciful mist of oblivion.

Act IV

When Mark Slate waded ashore, he felt a chill that had nothing to do with the dampness of his clothes.

Like April, he had fancied that he heard a cry as the power-boat sliced their punt in two. He had swum in endless circles searching for his fellow-agent. Now, on shore, his one thought was to continue his search.

But, suddenly, he was flat on his face behind a barnacle-crusted breakwater uncovered by the lifting mist. On the other side of the concrete wall two dark shapes were moving.

Mark heard one speak in a thin, fluting voice: "It twists off, I tell you! The top twists off, and there's a compartment inside. That's where the microfilms must be—you heard

the message from THRUSH Central, didn't you, Chang?"

His companion cursed in Chinese, and stood up panting. "Try it yourself then, Fargo," he snapped "It won't twist off for me!"

The other man fell to wrenching at the top of the buoy. Finally, he gave up too. "Must be locked or jammed, or something," he conjectured "We'll load it on the truck. Come on!"

As the two men made their way up the beach, carrying the buoy, Mark saw that a three ton truck with a canvas-covered back was parked on the road. He used the breakwater and the drifting tatters of mist to cover him as he ran swiftly to the road.

He dropped out of sight as the THRUSH agents approached and lifted the buoy on to the back of the truck

He caught a glimpse of the taller man's face as they turned to climb into the cab: it was the bland, inscrutable face of a Chinese, but there was something chill and merciless about the slanting eyes

As the truck began to move away, Mark made his move. A leap from the shadows, a ten-second sprint—and he was hauling himself over the tailboard of the truck.

He pulled the buoy towards him. It seemed a perfectly normal one-piece float, but he examined it carefully round the middle, looking for a hairline crack that would tell a different story

There was no crack Mark could swear to that. He tried twisting. He tried pressing it in various spots, hoping to touch a hidden spring. Nothing happened

He was still trying to find the secret cache of master-spy Joss Gaggs when the truck slowed down, swung into an underground garage and braked sharply

Mark decided to cut his losses. A flying leap took him out of the truck. He saw a two-tone Pontiac parked nearby, and was racing to take cover behind it when a shout rang out. "Hey! Stop that guy!"

Mark kept low. He reached for the Smith-and-Wesson 9 mm tucked in his shoulder holster A quick glance round showed him that the steel roll-away doors of the garage had slid

shut. But twenty yards away was a flight of steps leading upwards

As he made his dash for them, Fargo and Chang opened fire.

Mark rolled the last five yards, his own pistol hammering out shots. He made the bottom step safely and walked backwards up the rest keeping a hail of shots until the magazine ran out.

Then he whipped round and took two giant steps, slap into the stock of a THRUSH automatic rifle which was in the hands of a giant man who had snatched open the door above.

As Mark slid unconscious to the steps, he might have pitched down them like a sack had not the big man grabbed him "Hey! Who's this guy?" he wanted to know

Fargo replied in his fluting voice: "It's one of those two UNCLE agents we ran down in the bay."

"Must have climbed into our truck," said Chang. He raised his polished shoe and gave the limp figure a contemptuous kick, so that Mark spun in the grip of the giant

"Take him up to the gymnasium!" he said crisply. Then turning to Fargo he added: "Come on! We're going to open that buoy"

Act V

Mark came to his senses to find himself strung up by the feet to an exercise frame in a large gymnasium His upside-down view of the place was confusing, but he saw three men standing nearby and recognised two of them as the agents he had followed.

Chang used his polished toecap again to set the helpless UNCLE agent swinging like a pendulum.

"We have opened the buoy and there are no microfilms in it. You must have hidden them well," he said

Mark managed to shake his head "You're wrong," he said. "I couldn't even open the buoy."

"You're lying," said Chang calmly "But not for long."

A thin-bladed knife sprang into his hand. He came close to Mark. The

Berengaria, wife of Richard the Lion Heart, is believed to be the only English queen who never set foot in England.

blade flickered past his face, and a button from the agent's shirt tinkled to the ground.

"You will tell us where you hid the microfilms," urged Chang.

At that moment the lights went out There was a confusion of shouts, the crack of a fist meeting something solid— a gasp and a heartfelt curse in Chinese.

Mark had grabbed his chance when the room was plunged in darkness. He did his pendulum act again It added an entirely new force to the right hook that he aimed at Chang.

He felt a glow as his blow scored a bull's-eye. Then he felt something brush past him and start to cut through the ropes that held him up.

A faint perfume reached him from his rescuer, and he hissed in the dark "April!"

He heard her whisper: "Watch out, love! I'm cutting the last rope!"

When he was standing upright, he felt his fellow-agent grab his hand

One of the THRUSH men held up a flickering cigarette-lighter. Mark snatched up an Indian club and flung it. There was a crack of a breaking bone and a scream from the unfortunate man as he dropped the lighter.

"Give the man a coconut!" murmured April.

She pulled Mark with her through a door They ran side by side down a passage, and clambered out on to a fire-escape.

April began to swarm down towards the ground.

Mark followed. But as they neared the ground he said "We can t go without finding the microfilms, April They've got Gagg's lobster-buoy ' '

She gave him an impish grin "Let them keep it," she said. "The microfilms aren't inside any buoy."

Mark stared. "How do you know?" he demanded

She dropped to the ground before making her reply: "This man Gaggs had a twisted sense of humour," she complained "He let both UNCLE and THRUSH believe he had hidden microfilms in his lobster-buoys. And he *had* planted a booby trap in each buoy . . . I know, because one went off with a bang and wrecked our hired car . . nearly wrecked me, too '

Mark dropped to the ground beside her. His eyes had lit up. "You mean that the other buoy—the one THRUSH have been trying to open in there might . . "

April nodded to his unfinished query. They moved away, chuckling

A moment later there was a boom from the building behind them

Mark and April stopped to shake hands. "I'll say this for Gaggs," remarked April, "he played no favourites. But maybe Mr Waverly won't see it in such human terms Ah well, we'd better report in!"

Did you Know?

ABSENT QUEEN

CHRISTIANE EBERHARDINE, QUEEN OF POLAND 1697-1727, DIDN'T SET FOOT IN THAT LAND DURING THE WHOLE OF HER THIRTY YEARS REIGN.

THE TEMPERATURE DROPS SO LOW IN THE SAHARA DESERT DURING SOME WINTER NIGHTS THAT THE COLD SPLITS ROCKS.

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST

ACTUAL SIZE

POSTAGE STAMPS MEASURED 5/16" BY 3/8" AND WERE ISSUED BY THE SOUTH AMERICAN STATE OF BOLIVIA

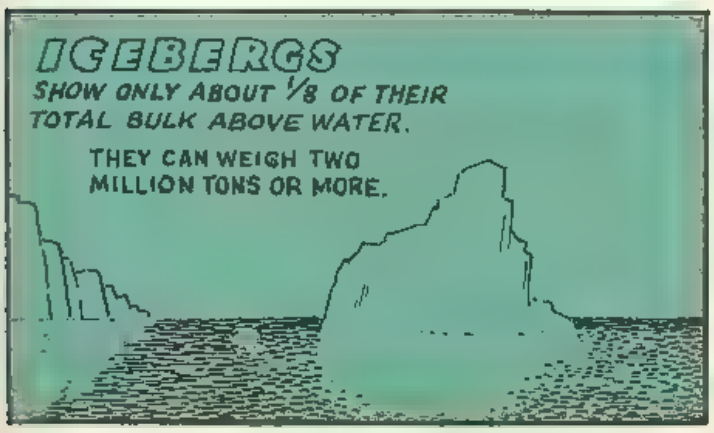
COLOURFUL CHARACTER

THE MARAKINA, A SOUTH AMERICAN MARMOSET, HAS A COAT OF LONG GLOSSY GOLD FUR AND PLUMED TAIL, WITH PURPLE HANDS AND FEET.

ICEBERGS

SHOW ONLY ABOUT 1/8 OF THEIR TOTAL BULK ABOVE WATER.

THEY CAN WEIGH TWO MILLION TONS OR MORE.



COUNTRIES & COSTUMES

A look into April Dancer's Scrapbook of National Costumes

April's assignments take her to all corners of the globe. Although most of her time is taken up with high-pressure activities—tracking the enemy and finding exits from blind alleys—she still finds time, on her travels and in quieter moments between missions to relax and absorb some of the fascination and atmosphere of foreign lands.

The differences which distinguish one country from its neighbour are numerous—language, architecture, cuisine, ways of life and climate—but April is especially interested in the variations of national costumes. These links with the past are of strong interest to a young American girl, for in her country, a relatively new world, there is little national heritage, and traditional customs and pageants are rare.

Let us open April's Scrapbook of National Costumes and travel with her, in imagination, to exciting places, for excitement and danger are two sides of the same coin to the Girl from UNCLE.

AUSTRIA

In Austria, as elsewhere in Europe, costume was once a form of identification. The different styles of dress denoted the region or town to which a person belonged and also signified occupation, standing, and often age and marital status.

There were two main types of costume: a simple style suitable for everyday wear, and a more elaborate and decorative version which was worn for holidays and ceremonial occasions.

Although in the cities and larger towns costumes changed with the times, adopting more modern styles as being more suitable and economical, in the mountain villages, where traditions are clung to with a limpet-like tenacity, changes are slow and regional costumes are still worn in similar styles to those of medieval times.

Today there are about ninety communities in Austria where old, genuine costumes are still worn on festive occasions.

All regional costumes have their distinguishing characteristics, but common to all Austrian costumes are colourful gaiety and lines which stress the form of the body.

The drawing of the mother and child features the costumes of the Wachau, a region of the Danube valley in Lower Austria. An outstanding feature is the gold embroidered *hauben* or bonnet, worn by the married women.

Common to most men's regional costumes are the leather or woollen pants, sometimes cut off above the knee or sometimes, as in the illustration of the costumes of Meran, tied just below the knee.

A costume worn by the hunters of the Styrian *Salzkammergut*, the *Steirerranzug*, has been adopted by most of the Austrian population and is considered the national costume. It is of a grey woollen material edged with green—the colours worn for many centuries by the Alpine hunters.

The red-white-red horizontal tricolour forming the Austrian flag commemorates a medieval hero, Leopold Heldenthum, who fought so furiously at the battle of Ptolemais in 1191 that, except for where it had been covered by his sword belt, his white tunic was stained red with blood.

EIRE

Bathed in a great theatrical heritage and a mesh of legendary tales of the 'little people' lies the Emerald Isle, delightfully unmarred by any great industrialisation. The Irish are rightly proud of their country, which has yielded many celebrated names of the literary world: George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Sean O'Casey, Richard Sheridan and W. B. Yeats.

So strong is Irish patriotism that those who have left their homeland to seek better opportunities in other lands have carried their customs and traditions with them. All over the world on March 17, St. Patrick's Day, people can be seen sporting the Irish national emblem, the shamrock. And there are few people in English-speaking countries who have not heard of the Blarney Stone in County Cork. Those who kiss this stone are supposed to be endowed with the powers of sweet and flattering speech—it would seem that there is not one Irish person who has not kissed the stone!

Gaelic is still spoken by a small proportion of the Irish population and, since 1922 and the establishment of the Irish Free State, it has been officially acknowledged as a modern language, and the Eire government is working hard for its revival.

One can still occasionally see the traditional Gaelic costume—the kilt, Tara brooch, worsted stockings, blackthorn stick and hatless head held high—although, as in most other countries, it is generally reserved for festive occasions such as the Irish 'fairs'. Although not part of the national dress, the famous Aran sweaters with their intricate patterns and the Donegal tweeds, such as those worn in the picture, are often considered typical costumes.

The vertical tricolour which constitutes the national flag of the Republic of Ireland is over a hundred years old. It was first used by the Irish Nationalists as early as 1830. The design was suggested by the French tricolour, a choice which was considered appropriate as it symbolised a successful revolution. The colours which they adopted were green, representing the Emerald Isle, orange, for the Ulstermen of the North, and white, symbolising peace and unity.

NETHERLANDS

Until a few years ago Marken was an island in the Zuyderzee, formerly the largest bay in the Netherlands which is now being reclaimed to add almost 950 square miles of land to the country.

The men folk who lived on the former island of Marken used to sail to the Scandinavian countries; from there they brought back the idea of using the bright colours which still typify the island's traditional costumes. The presence of so much embroidery in their dress is also attributed to the long winter months of isolation, during which the women would occupy themselves with needlework.

Their dress, as can be seen in the photographs, is indeed made up from a bizarre medley of patterns. Every article of their clothing is edged with rich trimmings. Their headdresses are unlike the stiff, winged headdresses which one normally associates with Dutch national costumes and resemble fancy skull caps.

The children of Marken still wear traditional costumes—girls and boys being practically indistinguishable. Boys wear skirts until they are five years old, when they change into trousers, and at seven they discard the traditional lace caps and have their hair cut. Girls change their style of dress when they are six.

The Dutch flag, originally *orange*, white and blue—the colours of the Prince of Orange who led the revolt against Spanish rule—set a tradition for the tricolour to be considered as a revolutionary emblem.

RUSSIA

Covering about a sixth of the land area of the world, Russia is the largest of all countries. It is inhabited by more than a hundred national groups, speaking between them fifty-eight different languages. The Communist government encourages all non-Russian nationalities to develop their own languages and national cultures, but when the children reach a certain educational standard Russian begins to play an important part in their studies.

Since 1917 and the overthrow of the tyrannical Tsar, Russia, under Communist guidance, has built itself into a world power equal to that of America. But Russians have worked hard for their country, sacrificing many of their social needs.

They still live simply and work hard. Women play an important part in Russian industry and are employed in such jobs as traffic control and engineering design, and they even work alongside men on construction sites. Their way of life seems very strange to those of us who live in non-Communist countries. In 1965 some western goods, such as chewing gum and records, were still banned in Moscow.

The celebrated Red Square in Moscow is the scene of the May Day parades. May Day is a Russian national holiday and, in celebration of the anniversary of the 1917 revolution, thousands of people gather to watch the displays of military might, while bands play and flags are waved.

The Russian flag bears in the top left-hand corner a star, the symbol of authority—and below it a crossed hammer and sickle—symbols respectively of the industrial and agricultural workers.

Russian dress varies enormously between the different national groups. One of these many styles is shown here, worn by Russian folk dancers. Russian dancing is famous the world over.

PORTUGAL

The connection between Portugal and the sea is one of long standing and the names of such seafaring explorers as Bartolomew Dias and Vasco da Gama feature strongly in its history. Portuguese traders founded the first European colonies in many parts of the world and even today its overseas provinces and districts have an area twenty-three times as large as Portugal itself.

Today Portugal's connection with the sea is still strong. The fishing industry is second only to grape-growing. The fish which is not tinned and exported is used for home consumption and almost every meal includes some sort of seafood. It has been said that the Portuguese will make a meal from anything that lives in the sea: from barnacles, sea urchins and squid to the large fleshy tunny.

Alentejo is the one coastal province in Portugal which disregards its coastline and holds fishing in contempt. Its prime concerns are wheat, cork and stock-raising. This province is indeed the granary of Portugal. The plain of Ameixial yields the finest harvest. Its fertility is said by some to have been caused by the five thousand and more Spanish and Portuguese knights and

their horses who perished there in 1663.

It is in the fields at harvest time that one can see the women, dressed similarly to the girl pictured here, following the reapers. They wear their skirts rolled up between their legs to form voluminous breeches, strong high shoes and on their heads felt hats with scarves beneath to protect the backs of their necks from the sun.

The man and woman are wearing the regional costumes from Santa Cruz do Bispo.

The Portuguese flag is another reminder of this country's connection with the sea. Centred on the dividing line between the bands of red and green, the Arms of the former Monarchy are superimposed upon a gold armillary sphere, presumably a reference to the Portuguese voyages of discovery.

JAPAN

The red disc, representative of the sun, featured on the white ground which forms the Japanese flag is a suitable emblem for the 'Land of the Rising Sun'.

At the close of World War II, Japan found itself devastated. Many of her former cities were mere ruins and her industries were shattered. But only twelve or thirteen years later, in the late 1950s, after a concentrated reconstruction programme, Japan ranked among the world's greatest industrial powers.

But this rapid redevelopment did not succeed in completely changing the essential character of the nation and, today, Japan is a country with a strange mixture of old and new, of east and west.

Not only are these two worlds evident in her contrasting styles of architecture, but also in her sports activities, entertainments and mode of dress.

Western dress is more suited to life in the new skyscraper cities, and modern styles are rapidly replacing the traditional kimono for everyday wear.

Women and girls tend to wear ordinary dresses, reserving the expensive, more elaborate kimono for special occasions. But city men change into robes when they return home and, like the women, usually go barefoot or wear only stockings in the house. Farmers and poorer city workers often dress in cotton trousers and jackets.

A dress shop, where in modern surroundings and dressed in western clothes, Japanese women study the beautiful kimonos, clearly illustrates the meeting of east and west.

POLAND

Almost every region of Poland has produced its own folk-dance, such as the mazurka, and its traditional costume. Today, most regions have adopted western styles of dress and although their everyday clothes are on the drab side, on special occasions, the Poles readily don their gay and colourful regional costumes.

Much has been and is being done to revive and maintain these costumes. With encouragement from the State, costume designs which had passed out of use have been reintroduced and ancient skills of embellishment and embroidery have been revived.

Polish costumes may be divided into three groups. Some have retained their archaic quality while others are comparatively modern, but those which are most common combine both elements.

The older costumes have an old-fashioned cut and are made of home-spun materials. The more modern ones are styled according to the clothes once worn by noblemen and town dwellers and are made of manufactured materials. Illustrating the combination of both styles are the costumes from the Lublin region. Characteristic of the ancient costumes is the so-called counted embroidery on the man's jacket and on the woman's bodice which takes the form of geometrical motifs.

In comparison is the embroidery on the bodice and skirt of the woman's costume from the Łowicz region which is more recent and consists of floral motifs. Traditional costumes are still worn everyday in this region. Particularly striking is the beautiful headdress, the lace of which is typical of the more recent costumes.

Embellishments vary from region to region. Most common are borders of all kinds: gathers, pleats, pin-tucks, tape decoration, beads, buttons, appliqué work, lace and embroidery.

The most characteristic fabric is a multi-coloured, striped woollen material, which was woven and used in the making of costumes as early as the Middle Ages.

ITALY

Centuries of disunity in Italy brought about the formation of many intellectual centres, each of which developed its own particular folklore. Although the last century of unity has seen the decline of many of the ancient handicrafts, and the traditional customs and costumes, there are still some which survive today.

In certain areas of Italy the traditional dress is worn only on special occasions; in some country districts it is the everyday garb of the people. Traditional dress is worn in parts of the Val d'Aosta in the north, and in Sardinia, where every May and September there is a parade of costumes in the town of Sassari.

The Italians love holidays and gay, colourful festivals. Religious festivals form an important part of country life. The year is punctuated by a series of ceremonies, feast-days and rites, in which the performances of medieval religious drama are performed in much the same way in which they were first presented.

In the middle of June a festival is held in Pisa and thousands of oil lamps burn on the banks of the River Arno. In the ancient city of Siena, August brings the *Palio*—an exciting horse race through the streets, for which the riders wear fifteenth century costumes. And in the month of October wine festivals are held all over Italy.

Shown here is a costume of Courmayeur, a small town lying at the foot of Mont Blanc in the Val d'Aosta. Here all-year-round ski-ing is enjoyed, and it is from this town that the longest and highest teipher run in the world crosses the slopes of Mont Blanc to Chamonix.

The more elaborate and richly decorated costume is a gala costume from Sinnai in the Cagliari district of Sardinia.

YUGOSLAVIA

Although a great national pride and feeling of independence unites the Yugoslavs they are divided into many religious and linguistic groups. Even within the six regions—whose boundaries are based upon political, linguistic and cultural convictions—which form the republic of Yugoslavia, there are many sub-divisions each of which has its own local traditional dress.

The inhabitants of the region of Montenegro, situated north of Albania, are well-built people, being amongst the tallest and nearest in Europe. The illustration shows peasants from the town of Bar performing one of the region's traditional folk dances. It is interesting to note that, contrary to other regions, the men's traditional dress is far richer and more detailed in both material and ornamentation than that of the women.

Red, black and gold are the predominant colours of their costumes, which are generally made of beautiful velvets lavishly embroidered and decorated with gold appliqués and silver buttons.

The second illustration shows attendants of Sinj spearmen in national costume. Sinj is a town lying in the region of Bosnia-Hercegovina. The Sinj tournament was established by a special statute in memory of a brilliant victory of the Sin, people over the Turks in August 1715.

DENMARK

Denmark is one of the oldest kingdoms in the world and the Danes honour their flag, the *Dannebrog*, meaning Strength of Denmark, as the world's oldest flag.

The reverse to the English flag of St. George, the *Dannebrog* is a white cross on a red field. The story behind its design dates back to 1219 when, just before a battle, King Waldemar beheld a vision in the sky.

Not only can Denmark boast the oldest flag in the world, but it has also one of the highest standards of living.

The country itself consists of the peninsula of Jutland and about five hundred nearby islands, of which Sjaelland is the largest. On the eastern side of Sjaelland, looking across the narrow *Øresund* towards Sweden, lies Copenhagen, the home of more than one quarter of the Danish population.

Copenhagen has an important and busy harbour, from which many Danish manufactured articles, such as porcelain, furniture, glass, silverware and textiles, are exported. The Danes can be proud of their craftsmanship; their designs in these commodities lead the world.

The capital is also a gay city, with its Tivoli amusement park and other places of entertainment. In the northern suburb of Lyngby, during the summer months, dancers, such as those in the photograph, dress in national costume to perform at the Open-Air Museum.

Thatched buildings can be seen in most parts of Denmark, including the island of Rømø off the western coast of the Jutland peninsula.

Pictured here are a woman and a little girl in the traditional costume of the island.

GREECE

The Greeks are an affable, emotional and extremely hospitable people. Their hospitality to strangers is an age-old tradition dating back to Homeric times.

The inhabitants of the Greek islands are particularly friendly. They are also remarkable for their acute sense of form, colour and harmony, which is evident in the architecture, in their handicrafts, in the decoration of their homes and in their traditional dress. Our picture shows two women from the island of Samos in local costume.

Every Greek province has its own traditional costume, which is worn on festive and ceremonial occasions. These costumes bear the influence of all epochs of Greek history, from ancient times right up to present day.

Greek folklore is probably the richest in the world.

The *foustanella*, that celebrated costume worn today by the Evzones, or Greek Palace Guards, is perhaps the most attractive of all the costumes.

The *foustanella* is in fact the name of the full, pleated skirt, which is made up from forty yards of material. The skirt is worn with a full-sleeved white shirt and an embroidered, dark blue bolero. Long white stockings reach down to flat red shoes, the upturned toes of which are decorated with large black pompons.

Another interesting Greek costume is that of the Macedonian women. A feature of their costume is the strings of gold and silver coins or beads worn round their necks. The wealth of a bride is revealed by the number and value of the necklaces which she wears.

SWEDEN

No Swedish province is so strongly linked with tradition and folklore as that of Dalarna where the ancient art of building log-cabins is still practised, and handicrafts, folk-music and folk costumes are very much in evidence and still play a great part in the people's lives.

But here, as throughout the rest of Sweden, the traditional costumes, which vary from parish to parish, are now rarely worn except on holidays, at seasonal festivals and occasionally for going to church.

One national festival, similar to Guy Fawkes' night in Britain, is celebrated on the last day of April, when bonfires are lit throughout the country to celebrate the arrival of spring.

Midsummer is the climax of the year, when the return of summer is celebrated. Maypoles are set up, decorated with flowers and flags, and dancing continues well into the night.

Christmas is another important holiday and the festivities begin early in December. On St. Lucia's Day—December 13—the children thank the *Juul Nisse*, the elves who help them with their holiday tasks, by leaving food on the table for them at night. In the evening of this day young girls celebrate the return of increased hours of daylight, parading in crowns of leaves topped by lighted candles.

Characteristic of traditional dress worn on these occasions are the bright and colourful striped materials which can be seen made up into the aprons of the costumes of Dalarna shown here.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

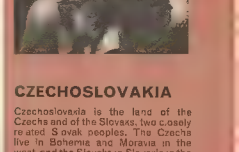
Czechoslovakia is the land of the Czechs and of the Slovaks, two closely related Slovak peoples. The Czechs live in Bohemia and Moravia in the west, and the Slovaks in Slovakia in the east.

Although dissimilar in many ways, the Czechs and the Slovaks are united by a common love of the arts and of age-old traditions. Throughout the year, in all parts of the country, festivals are celebrated by folk singing and dancing, Christmas being the most important and popular festival of all.

The celebrations begin early in December with St. Barbara's Day and St. Nicholas' Day. On December 4, the Czechoslovakian girls put cherry twigs in vases filled with water. If the twigs blossom before Christmas Eve, according to legend, that girl will marry during the coming year.

For all of these festivals most people, especially the children, wear local traditional costume. In some of the small villages these costumes, such as those worn by the children in the pictures, are still everyday wear.

The Czechs are skilled in all handicrafts, and ancient crafts, such as weaving and pottery making are still carried out. But the two crafts for which the Czechs are really noted are their richly decorative and elaborate embroidery and needlework, which are strongly featured on their national costumes.



FRANCE

Every year the hustle and bustle of the world of fashion stops and there is a hushed silence, broken only as the excitement mounts, while everyone waits for the launching of the Paris collections.

Whether the styles shown by the Parisian fashion houses are any more revolutionary, or even any more imaginative, then those of other countries is debatable, but there is a certain mythical aura which envelops such names as Dior, Chanel and Balenciaga. It is also true that the French designers are unique and individual craftsmen. Much of their work is executed by hand, such as the weaving, dyeing and printing of materials.

This fine craftsmanship can also be seen in their traditional costumes, of which there are many, each region having its own individual local costume. Not only do the separate regions preserve their own mode of dress but also their traditions, ways of farming and cooking, and individual dialects.

In the south-west, near the border with Spain, live the Basques, a distinct people who speak a language which is neither French nor Spanish, and who maintain their own customs. As can be seen from the picture of the Basque dancers, their dress is simple, as is the life they lead.

In contrast is the more detailed costume of the Franche-Comté region, with its flouncy petticoats under the striking, striped skirt, its spotted apron, fancy, broad-brimmed, flat straw hat and wooden clogs

The French adopted the tricolour as their national flag following the pattern of the flag of the Netherlands, which had come to symbolise a successful revolution. The colours are those of Paris, red and blue, and that of the Bourbon monarchy, white.

SWITZERLAND

Independent for the greater part of the past three centuries, an island of peace in the centre of Europe, Switzerland is above all a land of contrasts, where scenery and climate vary from the pinching cold of the snowy Alps to the warm waters of the low-lying lakes.

Switzerland is also a country steeped in a wealth of charm, tradition and folklore which the people, being a happy and friendly nation, are only too willing to share with any visitor to their country. They are proud of their homeland, and patriotism is the common bond which has united a mélange of races, enabling them to live in harmony under one roof of the Confederation.

There are twenty-five cantons and half-cantons in the Swiss Confederation and each of these states has at least one traditional dress.

This great variety of dress is not surprising when one considers the location of Switzerland, where Germanic and Romanic cultures overlap, and the different origins, languages (German, French, Italian and Romansh), and customs of the various races

In spite of this great variety of styles, there are certain features which are prevalent in the majority of them. These include the white blouse, the wide gathered or pleated skirt, the tight bodice, the expansive apron, the collar or neckerchief and the headdress

The headdress and laced bodice have always been exquisitely and intricately fashioned, forming the focal points of the dress.

The traditional costumes of the Appenzell region are noted for the silver filigree bodice hooks and their striking headdresses which, as can be seen from the illustrations, recall proud, crested birds.

The Swiss flag is the emblem of a successful revolution and dates from the fourteenth century when the mountain villagers revolted against their oppressive rulers.

MEXICO

The Mexican flag is of special interest, not because it is especially striking in design, but because of the story behind it.

The green band of the tricolour stands for republican unity, the white for religion and the red band symbolises the blood of those who died fighting against the Spaniards for independence, 1810–1821. On the central band is displayed the national emblem, which is of Aztec origin.

According to legend, in the thirteenth century the Aztecs were instructed to migrate south to settle in a place where they would see an eagle perched on a cactus, with a snake in its beak. They settled in that place which, allegedly, is today Mexico City.

The Aztecs were the dominating tribe of many Indian peoples who inhabited Mexico before the arrival of the Spanish in the sixteenth century. The influence of the Aztecs' highly advanced civilisation is still prevalent in Mexican life today, especially in the arts.

Such Aztec dances as the *Tlacololeros* have altered little over the years and are still performed along with the well-known Mexican dances at their fiestas.

In the *Tlacololeros* a lion hunt, enacted by a group of men, is presided over by Death. Suitably dressed and holding a scythe, this man performs an awesome and solemn solo.

In contrast is the *Jarabe Tapatio*, a more conventional Mexican dance, which shows the courteous nature of the Mexicans and their love of beautiful clothes and gaiety. It is the country's national dance.

In this courting dance the man wears a silver or gold embroidered suit, a *sarape* or blanket over his shoulder and a large sombrero hat. The girl wears a richly embroidered skirt over stiff starched petticoats with a plain blouse and shawl.

The picture shows a costume from the region of Puebla.

TURKEY

Turkey is a divided country: divided, that is, by a narrow passage of the sea, one of the world's important waterways, called the Straits. The old capital of Istanbul, formerly Constantinople, standing on both banks of that part of the Straits called the Bosporus, is part in Europe and part in Asia.

The situation of Turkey is also a precarious one. This rugged stretch of land, marked in the east by Mt. Ararat —reputedly the resting place of Noah's Ark—and in the west by the scene of the famous siege of Troy, lies on a great earthquake belt which runs from China to Gibraltar. In Turkey not a year passes without an earthquake.

In 1923, Kemal Ataturk founded the Turkish Republic. He believed that the country should look to the west for its inspiration and should leave behind all remembrances of the Ottoman Empire: the fez, the veil and the harem.

His reforms had great effect. Nowadays the Turks have discarded the ancient Arabic alphabet and use a Latin alphabet like all Europeans. Men have only one wife and women enjoy education and the right to vote and to work, just as men do.

European dress is now generally worn. Very seldom does one see the women wearing veils, or the men wearing baggy trousers and turbans or fezes, although some people in the small mountain villages still wear the traditional dress.

The Turkish flag comprises a golden crescent moon and a golden star on a red field. The inclusion of the star is believed to have originated from a passage in the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans.

The history of the crescent moon is a more complicated one. When Byzantium was the capital of Turkey an attempt was made by Philip of Macedon to undermine the city walls but his plan was disclosed by moonlight, and thus it was that the moon became the emblem of the city. Centuries later, Sultan Othman is said to have seen a crescent moon in a vision. It was for either or both of these reasons that the crescent moon was adopted as part of the national flag.

THREE INTO ONE WILL GO!

Deciding upon what length to wear one's hair is a tricky and often weighty problem. Short cropped hair is neat and easy to manage, but so limiting in its adaptability to varied sty es. Long, swinging locks are feminine and attractive but they need a ,ot of care and attention to maintain a bright and healthy look. Long hair is basically a casual length which necessitates a lot of time and ski ful handling to transform it into a glamorous style for evening

Chin- engtn is just about the most versatile hair length, and what is more it can be fluffed out or sleeked close to the cheeks to suit most figures and face shapes

Believe it or not, the three pretty hairstyles shown here, al designed for chin-length hair, are al brushed out from the same set. For extra bounce and even easier management why not try a light perm which, as you can see, does not necessarily mean tight curls. Richard Hudnut's Sty e Soft Casual' home permanent is ideal for those who dislike spending hours at the hairdressers.

Set hair as shown in diagram.

UPWARD TREND

For daytime neatness or evening sophistication try an upswept style. Backbrush hair gently all over, section off crown and arrange s des and back into a neat French Pleat. Now backbrush firmly on top to add height, and smooth hair back, arranging in .oopy coils, secured with hairpins. The fringe is left soft and slightly curving to soften the line

SWIRLAWAY

An elegant evening style for that special occasion which suits most face shapes. We have added a pretty tortoise and diamante slide for a touch of extra glamour but a velvet bow or artificial flower works just as well to catch the attention of any straying eyes.

Brush out from a side parting and backbrush crown. Sweep to one side and flick ends forward to give a feathered effect. Bring back section forward, arranging into waves, secure invisibly with fine hair pins and hold in place with a little hairspray

CURLS GO CASUAL

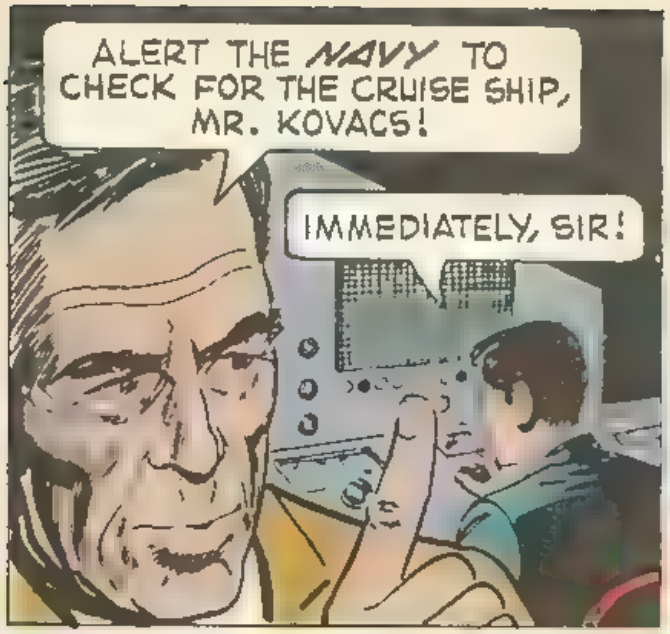
An easy-to-manage, attractive everyday style which is flattering to a smal face, adding width and height. To dress out, backbrush hair gently to give fullness and bounce, sweeping across from a side parting. Lightly backbrush side and back hair, bringing it gently forward. Arrange ends in casual flick-up curls and comb a pretty wispy fringe. Spray gently with hairspray to hold in place.

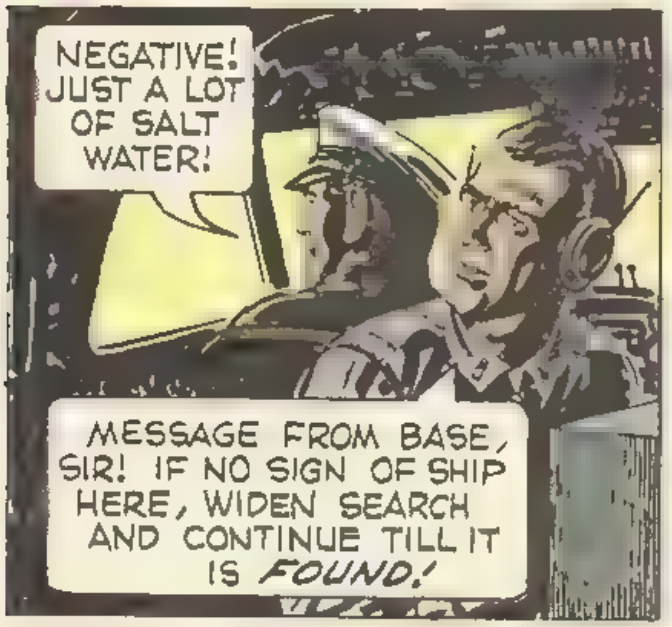
THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

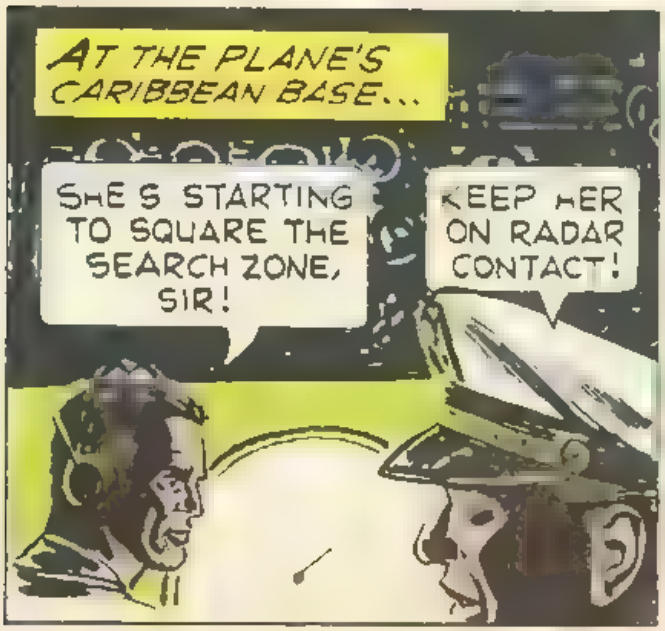
The CAPTAIN KIDD AFFAIR

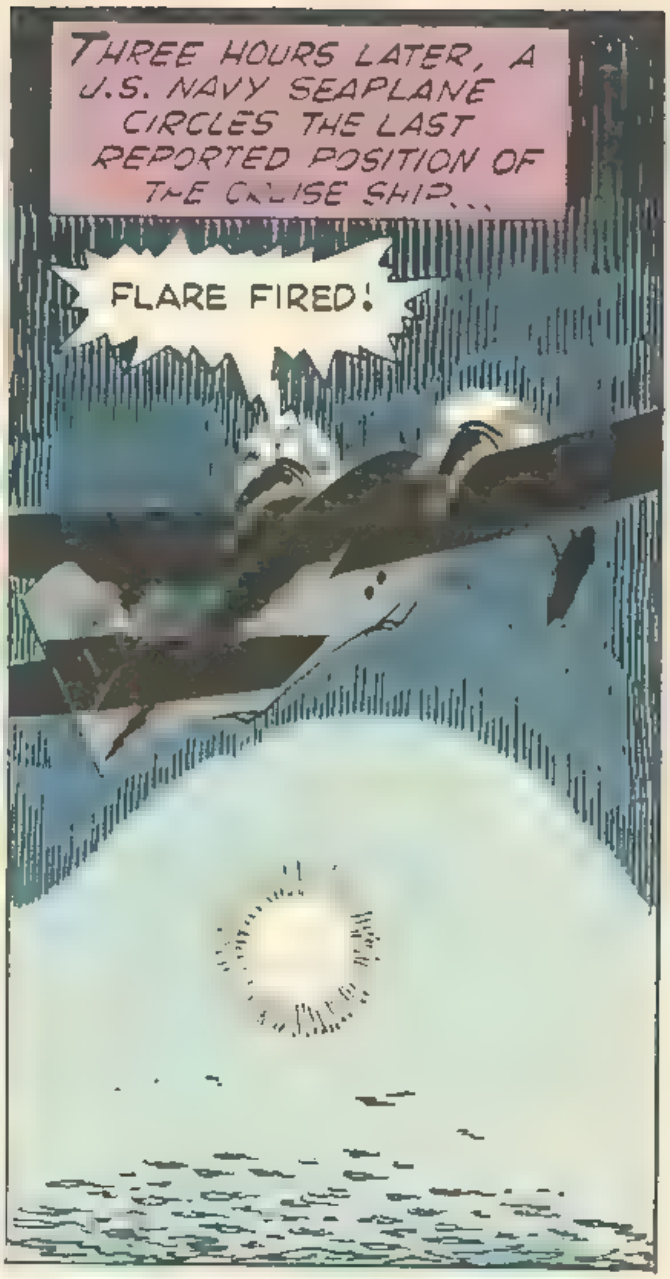
ACT 1 – A SHIP OFF THE OLD DOCK

SUMMONED TO COMMUNICATIONS ON AN EMERGENCY RADIO CALL, MR. WAVERLY GRABS THE MICROPHONE...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DAWSON! WHAT SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING ON BOARD YOUR CRUISE SHIP?
BEING BOARDED—
THEY'RE SWARMING OVER US!
PRECISELY... WHO IS SWARMING OVER YOU? THAT IS WHY YOU WERE PLANTED ON THE SHIP... TO INFORM US!
HE... BLEEP... BUZZZ... ZIIIP! KID... BLEEPP... REPEAT... KID...
SOMETHING ABOUT A CHILD! CAN'T YOU CLEAR UP THE SIGNAL?
I—I'M SORRY, MR. WAVERLY, BUT IT'S FADING FAST... IT'S ... GONE!
I SHOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED YOUR LOSING THE SIGNAL, MR. KOVACS!
IT WASN'T MY FAULT, SIR! THE WAY I READ THE CONTROLS... THAT EMERGENCY UNCLE BAND WAS DELIBERATELY JAMMED!

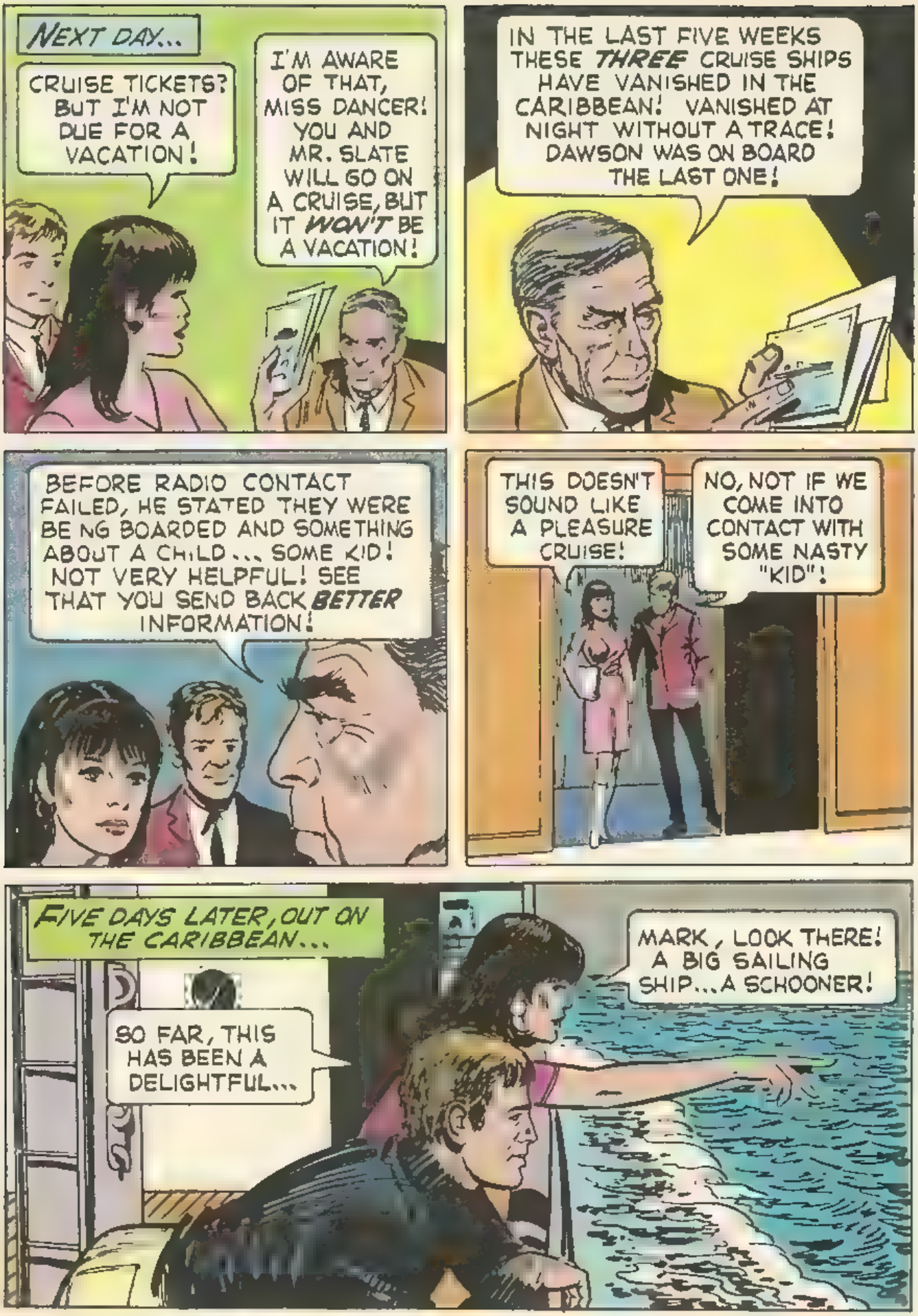

ALERT THE NAVY TO CHECK FOR THE CRUISE SHIP, MR. KOVACS!
IMMEDIATELY, SIR!


NEGATIVE! JUST A LOT OF SALT WATER!
MESSAGE FROM BASE, SIR! IF NO SIGN OF SHIP HERE, WIDEN SEARCH AND CONTINUE TILL IT IS FOUND!


AT THE PLANE'S CARIBBEAN BASE...
SHE'S STARTING TO SQUARE THE SEARCH ZONE, SIR!
KEEP HER ON RADAR CONTACT!


THREE HOURS LATER, A U.S. NAVY SEAPLANE CIRCLES THE LAST REPORTED POSITION OF THE CRUISE SHIP...
FLARE FIRED!

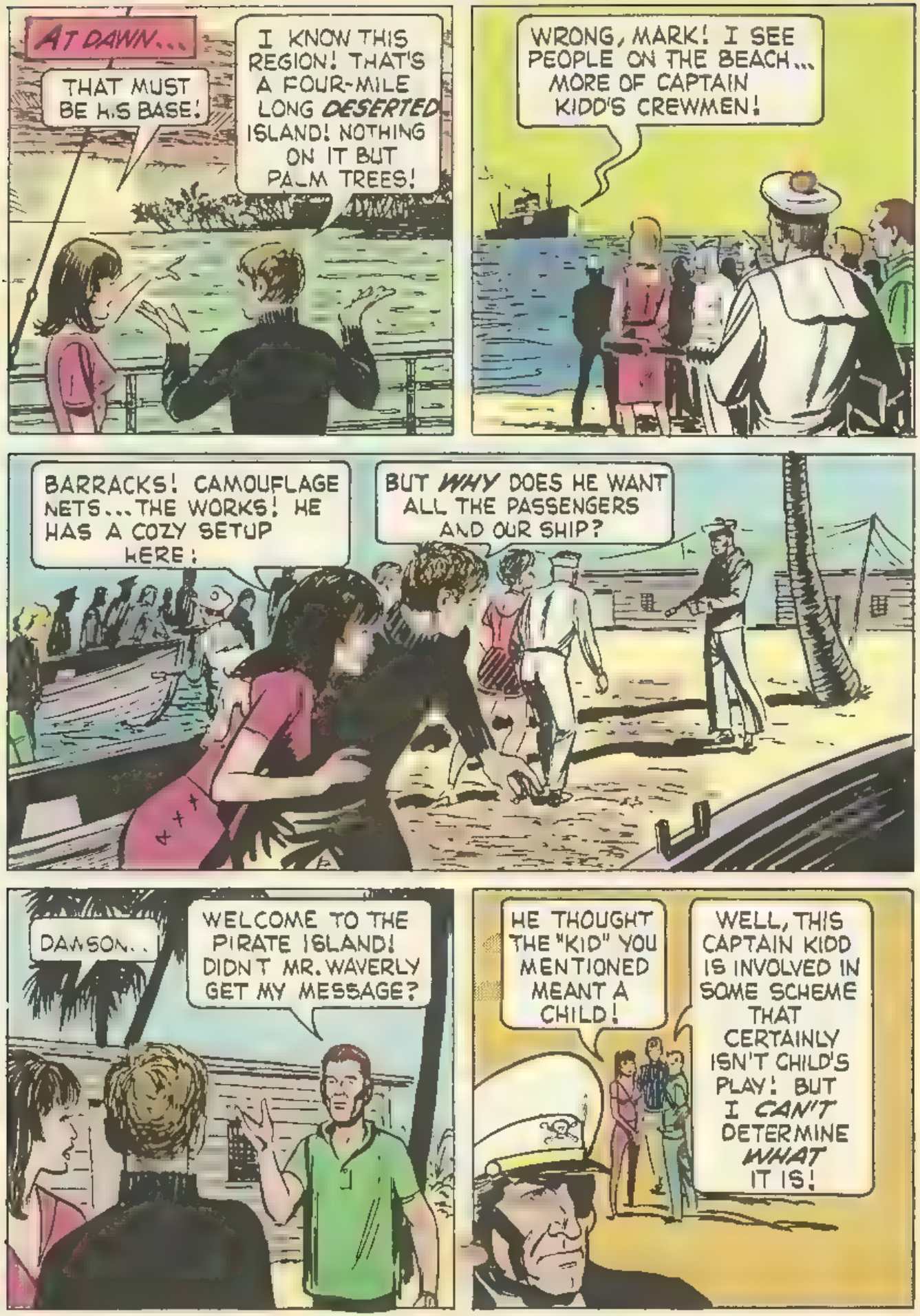
SIR! S-SHE JUST VANISHED! SHE WAS THERE...THEN GONE!
FIRST A CRUISE SHIP, NOW A SEAPLANE! WHAT IS GOING ON OUT THERE?


NEXT DAY...
CRUISE TICKETS? BUT I'M NOT DUE FOR A VACATION!
I'M AWARE OF THAT, MISS DANCER! YOU AND MR. SLATE WILL GO ON A CRUISE, BUT IT WON'T BE A VACATION!
IN THE LAST FIVE WEEKS THESE THREE CRUISE SHIPS HAVE VANISHED IN THE CARIBBEAN! VANISHED AT NIGHT WITHOUT A TRACE! DAWSON WAS ON BOARD THE LAST ONE!
BEFORE RADIO CONTACT FAILED, HE STATED THEY WERE BE NG BOARDED AND SOMETHING ABOUT A CHILD... SOME KID! NOT VERY HELPFUL! SEE THAT YOU SEND BACK BETTER INFORMATION!
THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A PLEASURE CRUISE!
NO, NOT IF WE COME INTO CONTACT WITH SOME NASTY "KID"!
FIVE DAYS LATER, OUT ON THE CARIBBEAN...
SO FAR, THIS HAS BEEN A DELIGHTFUL...
MARK, LOOK THERE! A BIG SAILING SHIP...A SCHOONER!

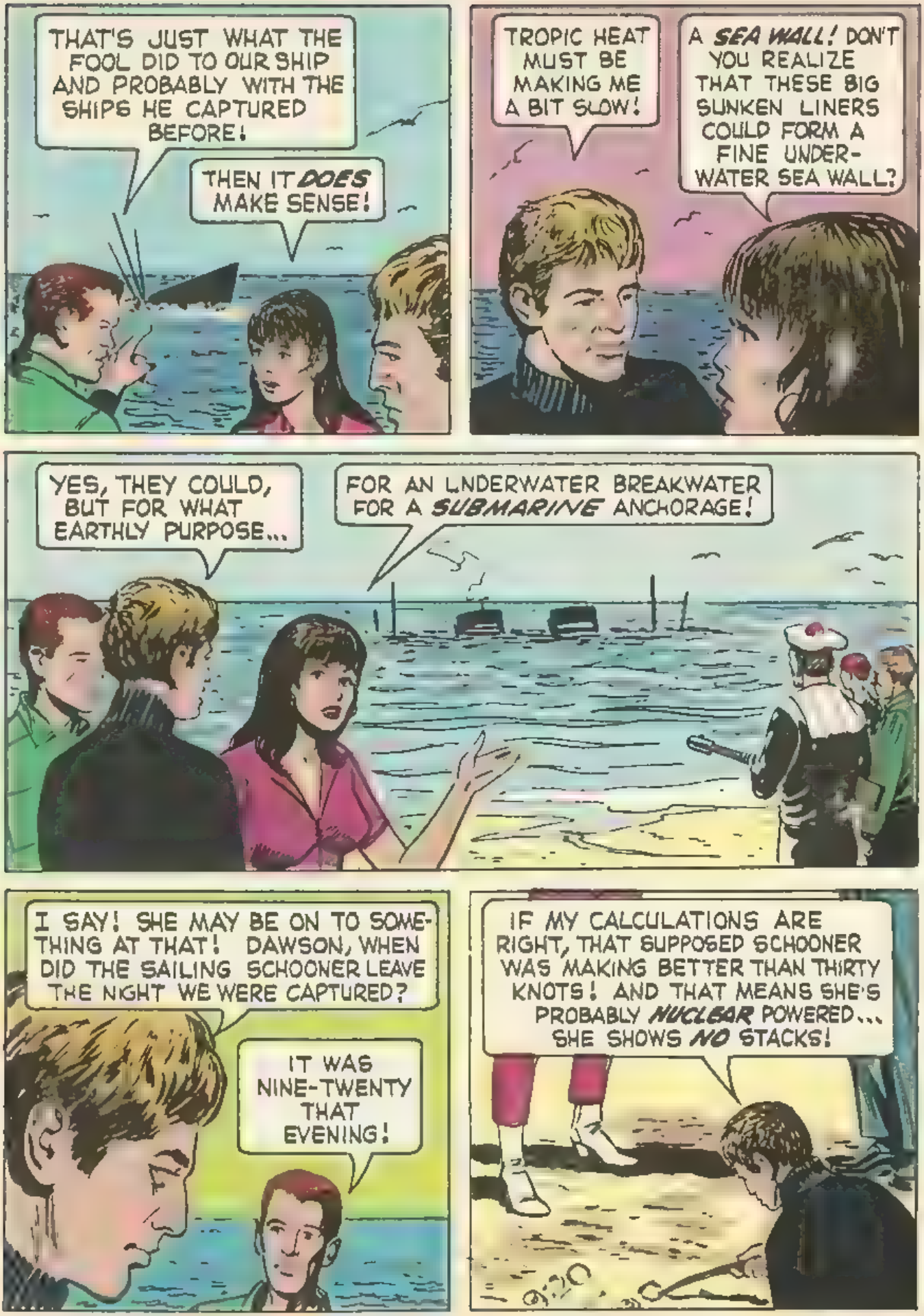
A MOST ROMANTIC SETTING!
NOT IF YOU READ HER MESSAGE ... IT'S S.O.S.!
CAPTAIN, SHE REPORTS SHE HAS A DANGEROUS LEAK... AND IS SINKING!
SIGNAL WE WILL HOVE TO, TO ASSIST HER!
WHAT A LOVELY BOAT!
SHE'S IN TROUBLE, I HEARD!
STAND BY FOR LADDERS!
COMING ABOARD FOR EMERGENCY SUPPLIES!
CLIMB ABOARD, MEN!
THESE ARE SLEEP RAY GUNS! DON'T RESIST, OR...
PIRATES! I'LL FIX THOSE... OOOOH!

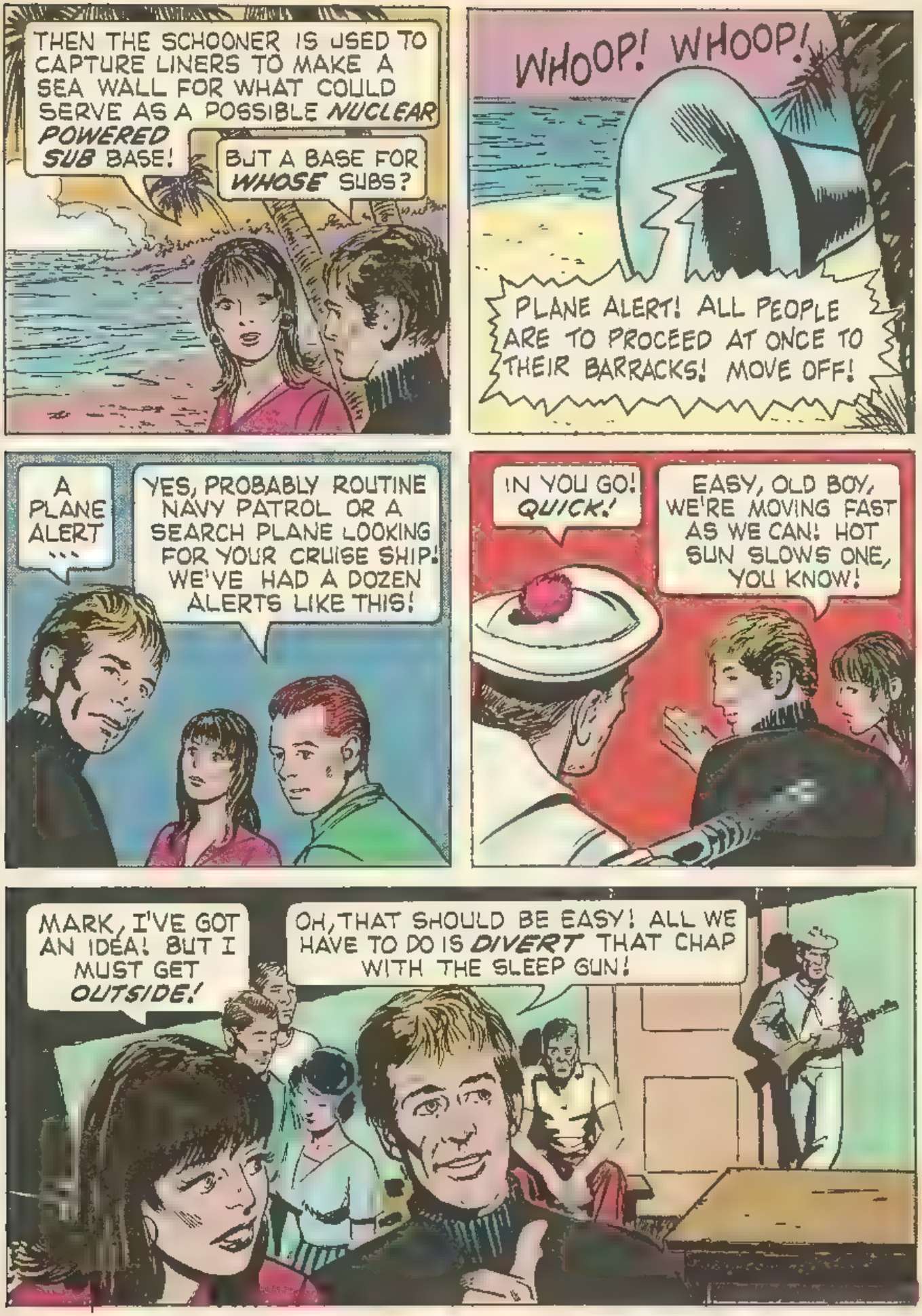
I'LL STOP— OOOOOH!
THIS WAY, MARK! LET'S TRY TO RADIO FOR HELP!
WE'VE BEEN BOARDED BY PIRATES! SIGNAL FOR...
JUST WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO, LADY, BUT SOMETHING'S JAMMING OUR SIGNAL!
QUICKLY, THEY TRY THEIR HIDDEN RADIOS...
NO... NOT A SOUND ON MY RADIO!
SLATE HERE! CLEAR CHANNEL D... ANY EMERGENCY BAND...
WELL...
NOTHING! WHATEVER JAMMED THE SHIP'S RADIO IS DOING A JOLLY GOOD JOB ON UNCLE'S PRIVATE COMMUNICATIONS, TOO!
YOU TWO, INTO THE MAIN SALON, OR I'LL USE THIS...
NO NEED TO, OLD BOY! I'VE HAD A NAP TODAY ALREADY!

SOON...
STAND AS YOU ARE! HERE COMES OUR LEADER... CAPTAIN KIDD!
THIS IS BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE PART OF THE CRUISE'S "FUN IN THE SUN" ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAMME!
GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
THOSE OF YOU WHO WISH TO DO SO, MAY SIGN ON AS PART OF MY CREW, THE REST WILL BE TREATED AS PRISONERS!
DON'T SIGN ON WITH THIS MADMAN! AS SOON AS THE NAVY ARRIVES, HE'LL BE PUT UNDER OBSERVATION!
MY DEAR CAPTAIN, YOUR NAVY IS MOST CONFUSED NOW BY OUR RADIO-JAMMING PROCEDURE! THE INTERCEPTOR SET!
AYE-AYE, CAPTAIN KIDD!
ATTENTION ALL NAVAL PATROL PLANES! ALL CONTACT HAS BEEN LOST WITH THE CRUISE SHIP!
I'M AFRAID YOU MUST ALL ACCEPT THE FACT THAT YOU ARE CAPTIVES! WE WILL NOW PROCEED TO MY SECRET BASE!

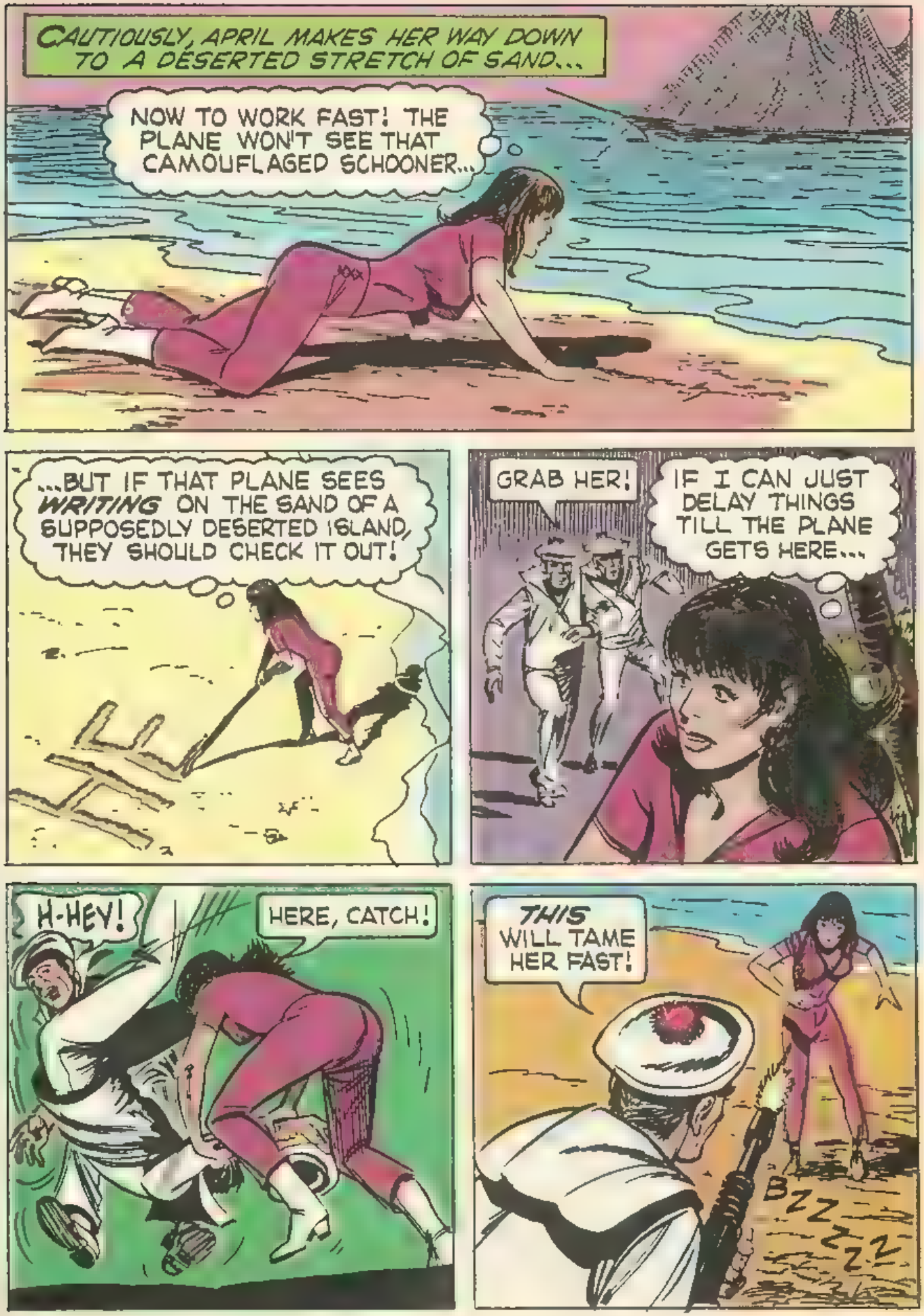

AT DAWN...
I KNOW THIS REGION! THAT'S A FOUR-MILE LONG DESERTED ISLAND! NOTHING ON IT BUT PALM TREES!
THAT MUST BE H.S BASE!
WRONG, MARK! I SEE PEOPLE ON THE BEACH... MORE OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S CREWMEN!
BARRACKS! CAMOUFLAGE NETS...THE WORKS! HE HAS A COZY SETUP HERE!
BUT WHY DOES HE WANT ALL THE PASSENGERS AND OUR SHIP?
DAMSON..
WELCOME TO THE PIRATE ISLAND! DIDN'T MR. WAVERLY GET MY MESSAGE?
HE THOUGHT THE "KID" YOU MENTIONED MEANT A CHILD!
WELL, THIS CAPTAIN KIDD IS INVOLVED IN SOME SCHEME THAT CERTAINLY ISN'T CHILD'S PLAY! BUT I CAN'T DETERMINE WHAT IT IS!

QUICKLY, ALL THE CAPTURED PEOPLE ARE PUT TO WORK...
HE'S GOT EVERY RUDDY SOUL DIGGING SAND OR PASSING IT ALONG TO DUMP INTO THE SHIP'S HOLD! WHY?
YOU'LL FIND OUT PART OF THAT ANSWER ONLY TOO SOON, BUT NOT THE FINAL ANSWER!
IT COULD SERVE AS A BALLAST, BUT WHY WEIGHT DOWN THE SHIP?
LATER...
CEASE LOADING! ABANDON THE SHIP AND OPEN ALL SEACOCKS!
AYE-AYE, CAPTAIN KIDD!
HER SEACOCKS OPEN, THE CRUISE LINER SINKS...
DOESN'T ADD UP! WHY WOULD CAPTAIN KIDD WANT TO SINK HER?


THAT'S JUST WHAT THE FOOL DID TO OUR SHIP AND PROBABLY WITH THE SHIPS HE CAPTURED BEFORE!
THEN IT DOES MAKE SENSE!
TROPIC HEAT MUST BE MAKING ME A BIT SLOW!
A SEA WALL! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT THESE BIG SUNKEN LINERS COULD FORM A FINE UNDER-WATER SEA WALL?
YES, THEY COULD, BUT FOR WHAT EARTHLY PURPOSE...
FOR AN UNDERWATER BREAKWATER FOR A SUBMARINE ANCHORAGE!
I SAY! SHE MAY BE ON TO SOMETHING AT THAT! DAWSON, WHEN DID THE SAILING SCHOONER LEAVE THE NIGHT WE WERE CAPTURED?
IT WAS NINE-TWENTY THAT EVENING!
IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT, THAT SUPPOSED SCHOONER WAS MAKING BETTER THAN THIRTY KNOTS! AND THAT MEANS SHE'S PROBABLY NUCLEAR POWERED... SHE SHOWS NO STACKS!

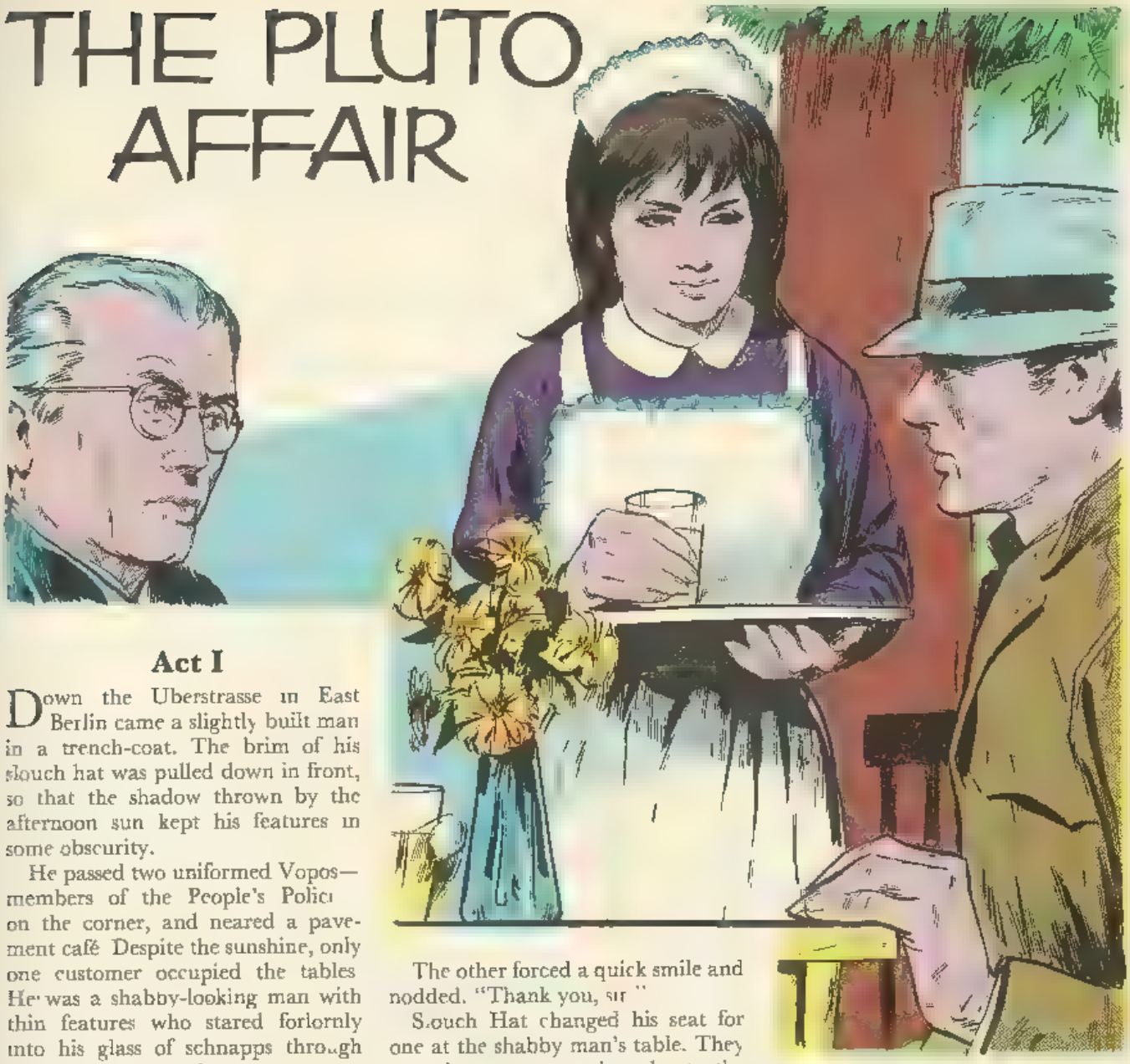

THEN THE SCHOONER IS USED TO CAPTURE LINERS TO MAKE A SEA WALL FOR WHAT COULD SERVE AS A POSSIBLE NUCLEAR POWERED SUB BASE!
BUT A BASE FOR WHOSE SUBS?
WHOOP! WHOOP!
PLANE ALERT! ALL PEOPLE ARE TO PROCEED AT ONCE TO THEIR BARRACKS! MOVE OFF!
A PLANE ALERT ...
YES, PROBABLY ROUTINE NAVY PATROL OR A SEARCH PLANE LOOKING FOR YOUR CRUISE SHIP! WE'VE HAD A DOZEN ALERTS LIKE THIS!
IN YOU GO! QUICK!
EASY, OLD BOY, WE'RE MOVING FAST AS WE CAN! HOT SUN SLOWS ONE, YOU KNOW!
MARK, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! BUT I MUST GET OUTSIDE!
OH, THAT SHOULD BE EASY! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DIVERT THAT CHAP WITH THE SLEEP GUN!

A MINUTE LATER...
APRIL'S BY THE DOOR...
HERE GOES!
F-FIRE...
PUT IT OUT! PUT IT OUT FAST!
YOU DO IT! YOU HAVE THE WATER!
GET BACK, YOU CLUMSY FOOL!
IT WORKED! NOW TO GET DOWN TO THE BEACH!
MORE PIRATES ON GUARD! THIS MAY NOT BE SO EASY AFTER ALL...


CAUTIOUSLY, APRIL MAKES HER WAY DOWN TO A DESERTED STRETCH OF SAND...
NOW TO WORK FAST! THE PLANE WON'T SEE THAT CAMOUFLAGED SCHOONER...
...BUT IF THAT PLANE SEES WRITING ON THE SAND OF A SUPPOSEDLY DESERTED ISLAND, THEY SHOULD CHECK IT OUT!
GRAB HER!
IF I CAN JUST DELAY THINGS TILL THE PLANE GETS HERE...
H-HEY!
HERE, CATCH!
THIS WILL TAME HER FAST!
BZZ ZZZ

OOOH!
LATER...
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU HAD A NICE SNOOZE FOR A FEW HOURS!
AND THE MESSAGE I STARTED TO WRITE?
WIPED OUT CLEAN *BEFORE* THE PLANE FLEW OVER US! I'M AFRAID THESE CHAPS HAVE PRETTY GOOD SECURITY!
THEY HAVE TV CAMERAS RIGGED UP ON THE PALMS! QUITE A SECURITY SETUP!
THAT MEANS THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING *BIG* TO PROTECT...
AND THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT *WHAT* IS TO GET *OUTSIDE* AND CHECK OUT THIS ISLAND!
GOOD SHOW, APRIL... BUT *HOW* DO WE GET BY THE PIRATE GUARDS?

THE PLUTO AFFAIR



Act I

Down the Uberstrasse in East Berlin came a slightly built man in a trench-coat. The brim of his slouch hat was pulled down in front, so that the shadow thrown by the afternoon sun kept his features in some obscurity.

He passed two uniformed Vopos—members of the People's Police—on the corner, and neared a pavement café. Despite the sunshine, only one customer occupied the tables. He was a shabby-looking man with thin features who stared forlornly into his glass of schnapps through thick-lensed spectacles.

The passer-by stopped to check his watch. Then he seemed to make up his mind that he had time for a drink in the sun. He turned back to the café and chose a table adjoining the other man.

A waitress arrived. She was a pretty girl, and her smile seemed as genuine as the sunshine. "Yes, sir?"

Slouch Hat smiled back, but he was obviously out of practice. "A glass of schnapps!" he ordered. Then, as an after-thought, he turned to the lone drinker and said politely: "Will you take a drink with me, sir? It is not to my liking to drink alone in such lovely weather."

The other forced a quick smile and nodded. "Thank you, sir."

Slouch Hat changed his seat for one at the shabby man's table. They passed some remarks about the weather.

Then the waitress returned. She had their two drinks on a tray, and also a vase of flowers, which she set down on the table between them. She took Slouch Hat's payment with a demure "*Danke*!" and tripped back into the café.

The shabby one finished his first drink and said softly. "Is it quite safe to talk here, Grunstel?"

Grunstel sipped his drink. "My dear Rotol, you do not imagine I would choose a place where there is any risk?" he murmured.

Rotol shifted uncomfortably under the cold rebuke. "Er—no . . . I just wondered . . ." His voice trailed off.

Grunstel sniffed at the flowers. "Why do you think the other tables are deserted? Why do you think there are Vopos stationed on the street corner?"

Rotol gave a quick covert glance at the police over the top of his glasses. "Oh—ah, yes! Good" he murmured.

Grunstel leaned his elbows on the table. "To business!" he said softly. "You have secrets to sell? We in the THRUSH organisation are in the market to buy—providing the information is valuable enough!"

Rotol leaned forward, and his

weak eyes glinted behind the thick lenses "This information is top secret," he hissed. "It will astound even THRUSH . . . You will pay me one hundred thousand dollars in American money!"

Grunstel took a nail-file from his pocket He leaned back and began to manicure his nails. "That is a lot of money . . Do I take it that your information concerns the Pluto Project?"

Rotol gasped with surprise. "How —how did you know— about Pluto?" he asked

Grunstel shrugged. "It is my business to know what goes on behind locked doors," he said. "Unfortunately this time I have only been able to report to THRUSH Central the code name of the project. If you have the details, I have no doubt we can meet your terms "

Rotol licked his lips greedily He fumbled in his pocket and produced a brown envelope. "The details are in here," he said.

Grunstel held out a hand, but the informer snatched away the envelope "You'll get it when you have the money ready!" he growled.

The agent put away the nail-file "You drive a hard bargain, Herr Rotol," he said softly. "But you also drive THRUSH too far!"

He finished his drink. Then he took out a whistle and blew a single shrill blast.

Rotol jumped to his feet, knocking over the vase of flowers He gazed around wildly. The two Vopos had left the corner of the Uberstrasse and were advancing with their rifles ready

Rotol gave a gasp of terror. He began to run in the opposite direction There was a crackle of gunfire, and the shabby figure spun round and sprawled into the roadway.

One of the Vopos leaned over the body and took the brown envelope from the clenched fingers. He walked back to the café table, handed the envelope to Grunstel, saluted, and walked to where his fellow policeman was waiting to carry away the corpse.

Grunstel was on the point of opening the envelope when he stiffened, and leaned forward to examine the flowers strewn on the table Fastened to the stem of one flower was a tiny listening bug.

The THRUSH agent exploded "Himmel! A midget transmitter . . . and the flower is the antenna!" He whirled and stared into the café. "That waitress!"

Reaching for his gun, the agent shouted to the Vopos: "Quick! Surround this place! The girl is a spy!"

His shout came clearly over a midget receiver in a corner of the store-room at the rear of the café.

April Dancer listening there, snatched off her waitress's hat and apron, and flung them aside as she made a dive for the back door. "Time to go home!" she said to herself. "Let's hope Mark is waiting for me outside!"

Grunstel and one of the policemen had dashed in at the front of the café and were searching there. The second Vopo came running down the back alley, to cover the café's rear entrance. In his haste he almost collided with an old man in rags who had a bulging sack on his back and was picking over the rubbish in the dustbins.

"Out of my way!" snarled the Vopo, and sent the old chap staggering as he pushed past

The moment the policeman was out of sight, a surprising change came over the old bearded beggar. Taking a firm grip on the sack, he broke into a run down the alley and emerged in a side street where a small Volkswagen was parked. Opening the door, he dumped the sack unceremoniously on the seat. Then he jumped behind the wheel and gunned the engine into life.

At that moment the THRUSH agent came charging down the alley, followed by the Vopos.

"Stand by for take-off!" muttered Mark Slate behind his false beard, and slammed in the clutch

The Volkswagen took off like a rocket. From a standing start it ate up the fifty yards separating it from the three gunmen. They flung themselves this way and that, firing as they went.

A bullet pierced the side window of the car and tore a chunk out of the driver's false beard. Mark spun the steering-wheel, and made the corner on two wheels. As the car roared away in the direction of the Russian

border, he snatched off his ragged hat, removed a grey wig, and eased off the remains of the beard.

"When are you going to let me out!" complained a voice from the sack, "I'm suffocating!"

"Patience, my dear April!" replied Mark. "Another kilometre and it should be safe."

They were out of the town now, and the Volkswagen was moving at top speed. Mark slipped a knife from his pocket with one hand, and cut the rope that held the mouth of the sack.

Gasping, April Dancer struggled free of the canvas. She made a grab for the rear-view mirror and twisted it towards her. "Oh, just look at my hair!" she moaned. "And my face is filthy!"

Mark clicked his tongue. "*Tut tut*. A good waitress always takes care of her appearance!" he scolded. "No wonder you were fired without notice!"

He grinned round at his fellow UNCLE agent.

She was busy with a comb, but she said through a mouthful of hairpins: "Just keep your mind on the driving, huh? There's a diversion ahead."

The Volkswagen slowed down as Mark pumped the brakes. He was wary of a police trap, and ready to speed up again. But there was no sign of life around the red-and-white pole that blocked the road, with the diversion sign that read: *Objzd'ka*.

Mark halted the car, but kept the engine running. "It must be the border," he declared. "I'm going to hide the car and take a look."

He drove off the road and parked behind a screen of bushes. Then he took out his gun and ran towards a nearby ridge. April followed him.

They peered over the edge. Below they saw a border post. The barriers were down, and two Russian guards stood facing the diversion road.

"Seems they're expecting us," whispered April.

Mark nodded absently. He was listening to the *clip-clop* of a horse's hoofs. They looked back to see a farm cart approaching down the road they had come.

Mark nudged his companion. "This may help," he said.

As the cart drew alongside the screen of bushes, Mark stepped out behind the labourer. An arm round the neck stifled the man's cry as he was dragged backwards out of sight.

A few moments later the Russian guards saw the cart coming towards the border.

The guards yelled an order to halt, and levelled their automatic rifles. Mark let go the horse's head, and ignoring the menacing guns he shambled towards the guards yelling in Russian. "Quick. There is a man on the ridge - an officer in a car - he is wounded - he sent me to fetch you!"

One of the guards yelled over his shoulder. Another soldier came running from the guard hut.

"Watch this man! We'll check out his story!" rapped the one who had shouted. He ran off with his companion.

The remaining guard swung his gun against Mark's ribs. "Get inside the hut!" he snapped.

Mark shambled forward towards the border. Close to the hut he saw a military truck parked.

"I only hope the key is already in it!" said Mark to himself as he swung on the Russian.

The guard reeled backwards, caught by a vicious right hook. His rifle went off harmlessly in the air.

At the same moment April vaulted out of the farm cart and ran for the truck. Mark was ahead of her, and he was turning the key in the ignition as his companion dived into the passenger seat.

As the truck roared away to freedom, the guards appeared on the ridge and poured a fusillade of shots after the agents . . .

Act II

Later, back in UNCLE headquarters in New York, Mark and April were giving an account of their adventures to Mr. Waverly.

He nodded approvingly. "In the circumstances you did very well," he agreed. "But it seems that all we really know is that THRUSH have been shopping behind the Iron Curtain and got their hands on some details of a project called Pluto."

April leaned back in her chair and crossed her silken ankles. "We also have the name of the THRUSH agent who seems to be in charge of Pluto," she remarked.

"Ah, yes! Grunstel!" nodded Mr. Waverly. "He is a possible lead . . "

The telephone buzzed and the UNCLE chief picked it up. He listened attentively, then nodded in obvious satisfaction. "Thank you," he said and replaced the receiver.

To the two agents he said, "Grunstel has boarded a plane for Mexico. You will follow at once. His movements will be traced, and you will be informed as soon as you arrive."

Waverly's arrangements worked smoothly. When Mark and April arrived at the airport in Mexico City, they were met by a dapper little Mexican who flashed his UNCLE badge before reporting that the THRUSH agent had arrived an hour before and been driven off in a large black saloon car.

The little Mexican seemed pleased with this bit of information. But not Mark. Perhaps it was the hot sun that made him irritable.

"You mean that you let him drive off and didn't have him followed?" he stormed.

The smile never wavered on the Mexican's face. "*Si, Senor* Slate!" he said. "But you see I happened to collide with Grunstel, and took the opportunity to fix one of our UNCLE homing devices to his coat-tail!"

April saw the funny side of the situation as the polite little man handed to Mark a small camera-like device which she recognised as the receiver for the homing signal. She giggled.

Mark glowered at her, but said nothing. He pushed the receiver into his pocket, nodded his thanks to the Mexican and climbed into the car that had been hired for them.

Act III

As the car purred away from the airport, April said: "Aren't you going to switch on the listening device?"

He shrugged. "It's my guess that the THRUSH car and Grunstel are out of range by now," he grumbled.

But when he took out the camera-like gadget and switched it on, there came a steady *peep . . . peep*.

April watched the directional dial on the device, and relayed its instructions to Mark as he tangled with the flow of traffic heading into the city centre.

"Left . . . straight ahead . . . left again . . . sharp right!" murmured April.

The *peep . . . peep* rose in pitch to a piercing whistle.

"That's it!" muttered Mark, easing the car to a standstill behind a low-slung Alfa-Romeo.

April switched off the device. She stared at the huge plate-glass windows of the shop outside which they found themselves.

"A jewellers!" she exclaimed. "D'you think it's a cover for THRUSH activities in Mexico City?"

Mark shrugged. "Well, it's hardly likely that Grunstel has gone in to buy a necklace, is it?" he said, with a hint of sarcasm.

April stepped out of the car. "There's one way to find out," she said. "Pass me those sunglasses. I'm going inside there."

Mark watched her step daintily through the imposing portals of the jeweller's shop. When she reappeared there was a dashing young Mexican shop assistant to hold the door open for her and bow. She thanked him with a dazzling smile, and tripped to the car.

"Surprise!" she cooed. "Guess what Grunstel was doing in there?"

"Now, don't tell me!" grunted Mark. "He was buying a diamond?"

"Yes!" said April. "A big, raw, uncut diamond that must have set him back five thousand dollars!"

She sat back, enjoying the baffled air of surprise on her partner's face. Before he could find words to express his feelings, however, Grunstel came out of the shop. There were two square-shouldered men with him. They all got into the Alfa Romeo and drove off.

Act IV

Mark followed at a discreet distance. They headed out of the city and turned north.

"Now what's Grunstel up to?" wondered Mark. "Why did he buy that gem? Has it got something to do with Project Pluto?"

April was looking thoughtful. "Maybe it has," she mused. "I've just remembered what the encyclopedia had to say about 'Pluto'. Apparently it was the name given by the ancient Greeks to the god of Hades, who was the possessor of all rich metals and gems in the earth."

Interesting," admitted Mark. "But where does it lead us?"

"Nowhere!" admitted April. "Which is just where Grunstel seems to be leading us at the moment!"

The two cars were now driving down a little-used side road that fizzled out into a track across the open desert.

"Where in thunder is he going?" grumbled Mark after an hour of tussling with the bucking steering-wheel.

"Look out!" hissed April. "They've stopped!"

The two agents dived from the hired car and ran for cover. Crawling closer through the sand-dunes they saw that the THRUSH car had halted near a cluster of small huts. The nearest one was some kind of office, and Mark stiffened at the sign above it. Pluto Mining Company! Danger—Blasting!

He nudged April and pointed. "We seem to have hit the jackpot," he whispered.

April began to scour the area with her field-glasses. "They seem to be getting ready for some sort of

Have you ever been out all day and then had to rush home, re-varnish your nails, repair your face, scramble into your dress and do your hair in a mere half an hour in order to be at that party on time? Or if you really are the cool, calm, collected type who is never disorganised, perhaps you are a girl with a dual personality and full of surprises? However you see yourself, no doubt you will welcome this versatile style which is transformed within minutes from little-girl, casual bunches into a sophisticated crowning glory.

But be careful—clean, glossy tresses that literally bounce with health are an absolute must for this style. If your hair isn't in peak condition try a Polyhero shampoo, it will soon bring back the shine.

TO SET

Setting the hair on large rollers, follow the diagrams for positioning of curls. Bring the fringe forward over a pad of cotton wool and secure it with a strip of sticky tape.

TO DRESS OUT

For the bunchy style, brush the hair through thoroughly and section off the hair behind the fringe on the crown, pinning it out of the way. Comb fringe forward. Divide the hair into two bunches, making a parting down the centre back. Secure one bunch with elastic bands at each side above ear-level, making sure that hair is not pulled too tightly. Comb each bunch through, flicking the ends under. Unclip the sectioned-off hair from the crown, backbrush it lightly and turn ends under, securing with hairpins at the back above parting.

For the more sophisticated style, arrange the hair as detailed and then swoop the bunches on top and arrange as shown in the photograph so that you have a frenzied effect all over. Secure the fronds lightly in position with fine hair pins and a little hair-spray.

blasting operation, Mark," she whispered. "Take a look at the rig!"

Mark focused the glasses. "Great guns!" he exclaimed. "They seem to be getting ready for an atomic bomb test!"

Scores of white-uniformed technicians were working around a framework of polished metal, sunk in an excavated hollow about half a mile from the huts.

After what seemed like hours, the two watching agents, now tortured by the hot sun, heard a warning siren sound. The technicians began to withdraw from the rig to the huts.

"Now we should see something," commented April, wriggling in discomfort on the burning sand.

She was right. There came the dull 'crump' of an explosion. With it came a dazzling flash of light that blinded the watching agents momentarily. They rolled on their backs behind the dune, rubbing their eyes in agony.

"What in the name of wonder was that?" groaned Mark.

"I never saw an explosion like it," agreed April

It was several minutes before they were sufficiently recovered to take any more interest in the mystery blast. By then a truck carrying asbesto-suited men was returning from the blast area. They carried a charred metal container.

"Look! There's Grunstel!" exclaimed April, as a figure came hurrying from the office to meet the workmen

As the party vanished inside the hut, Mark said: "Come on! We've got to take a peek at what they're up to!"

When the two agents reached the hut, they flattened themselves against the wall and inched towards the open window. As they peered in they saw Grunstel and the other men watching eagerly as the steel cover was removed from the charred container.

At last it was off. Grunstel gave a cry and snatched something from inside the cannister. "Look!" he cried.

He held up something that caught the light and glittered. "A gem!" he cried. "The Pluto Project is a success! THRUSH Central will be delighted!"

One of his companions, a tall thin-faced man with the eyes of a killer, said coldly: "Just a moment, Grunstel! I admit that the pressure generated by that explosion turned the carbon into what *looks* like a diamond! But how can we be sure it is genuine?"

Grunstel gave a thin smile. From an inner pocket he produced a jeweller's box. Opening it, he displayed the gem he had bought in Mexico City. "Here is the gem I bought for five thousand dollars today," he said. "Compare it with the one we have made! You will see that Project Pluto is a perfect way of financing THRUSH criminal activities in the United States!"

Mark had heard enough. He motioned to April, and the two agents slipped away back to their car Quickly Mark called up UNCLE headquarters on his communicator

When Waverly had heard the amazing story of Project Pluto he said: "Excellent work—both you, Mr Slate, and Miss Dancer . . . Now, do you think you can keep those THRUSH people penned-up until I arrange a mobile task force to surround the area?"

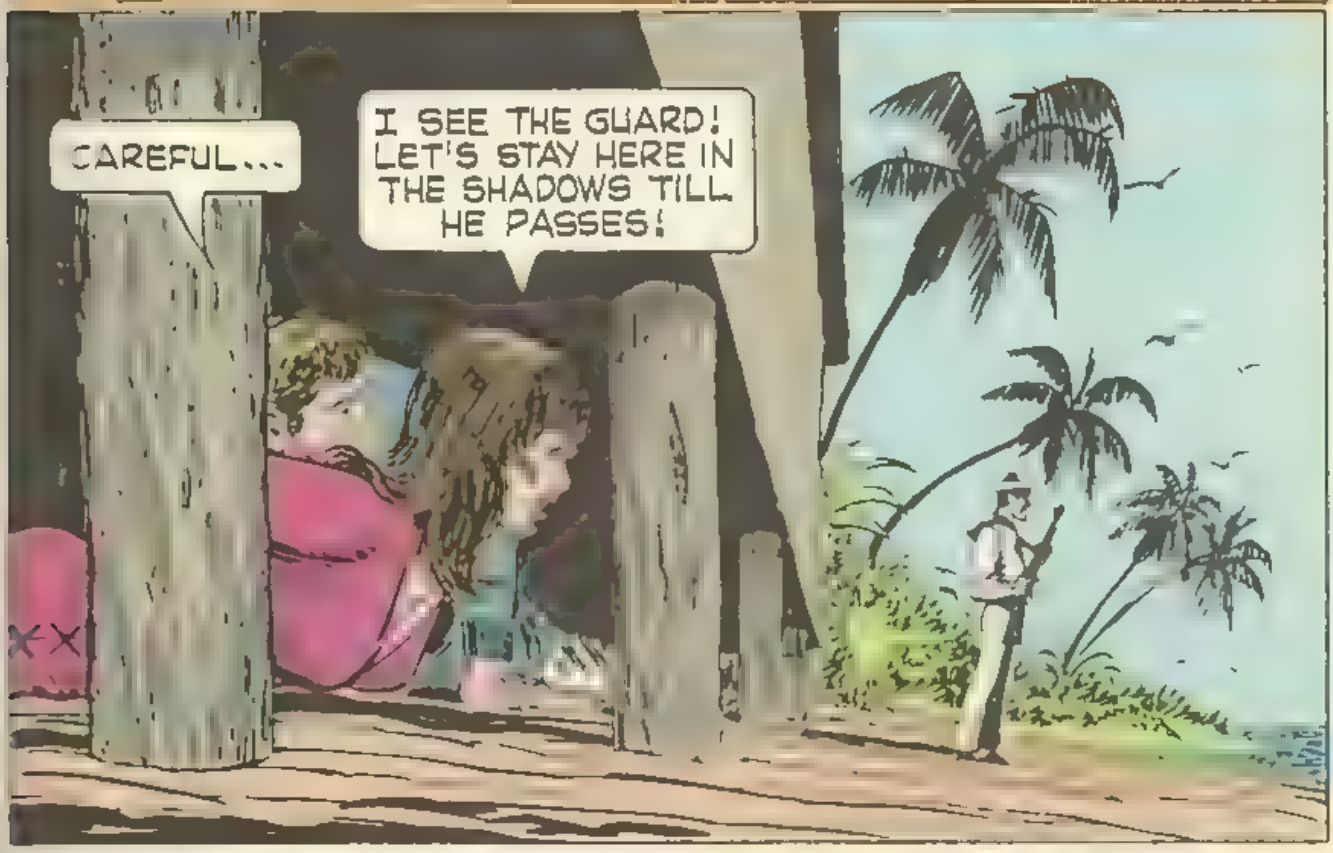
Mark glanced towards April, and saw that she was already getting out their UNCLE rifles. "Leave it to us, Mr Waverly!" he said with a grin. "But hurry up with the reinforcements, please!"

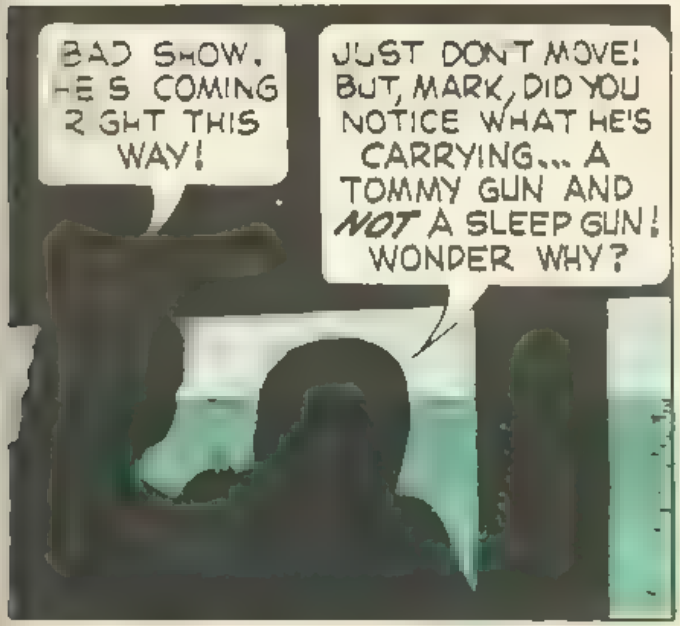
THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

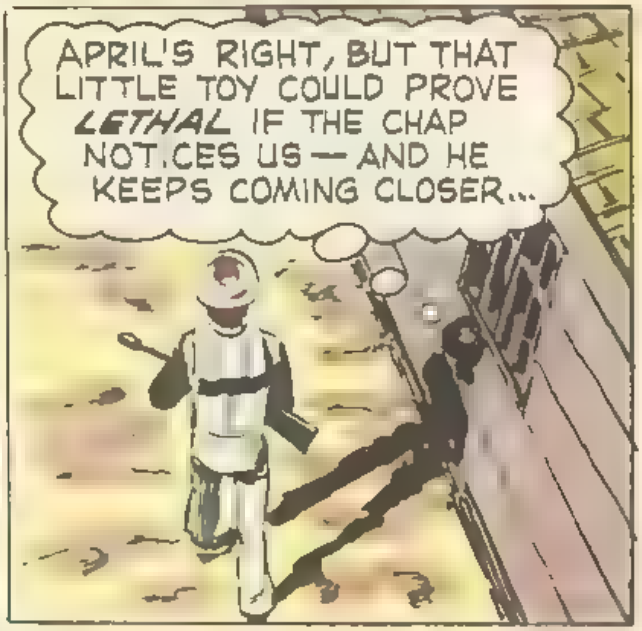
The CAPTAIN KIDD AFFAIR

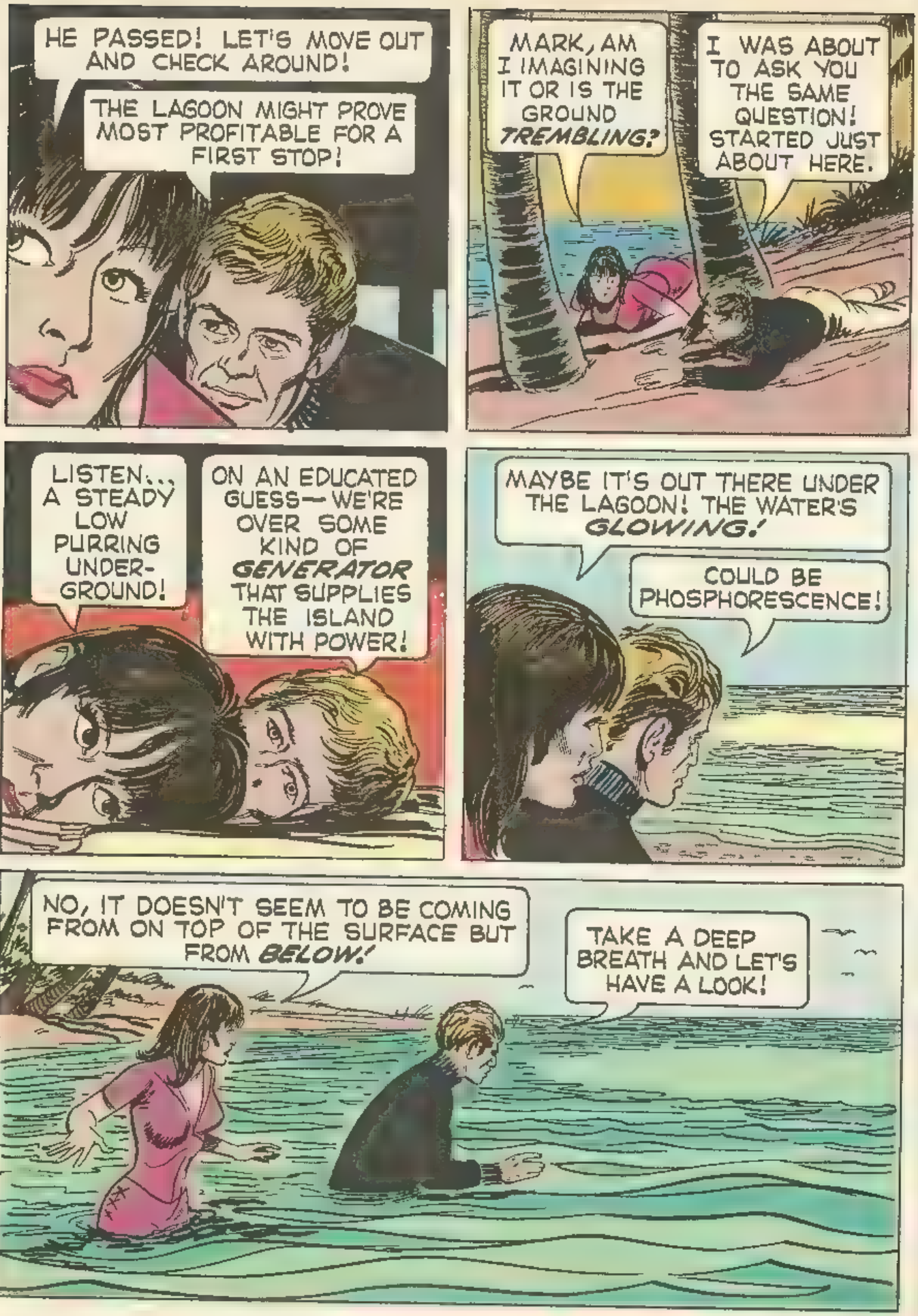
ACT TWO

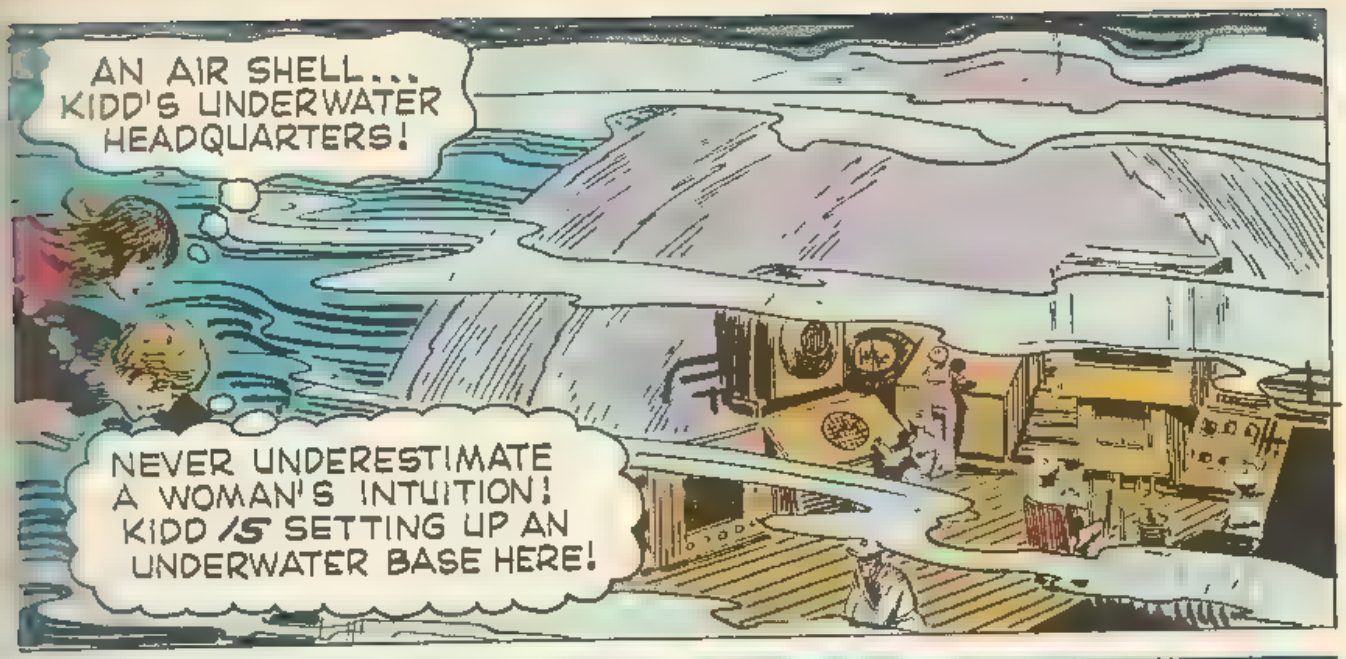
a CREEP in the DEEP

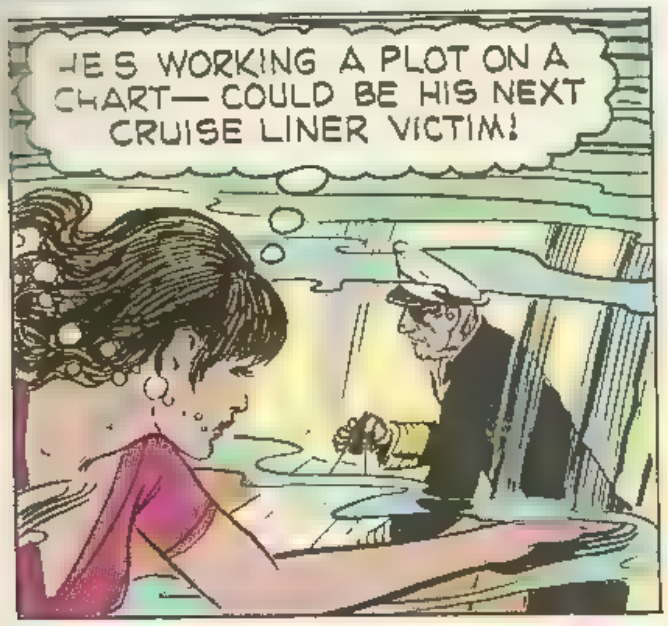


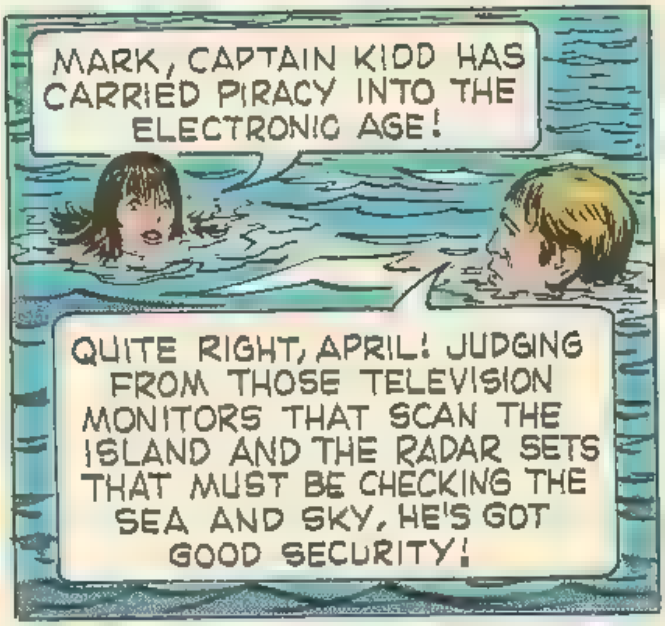


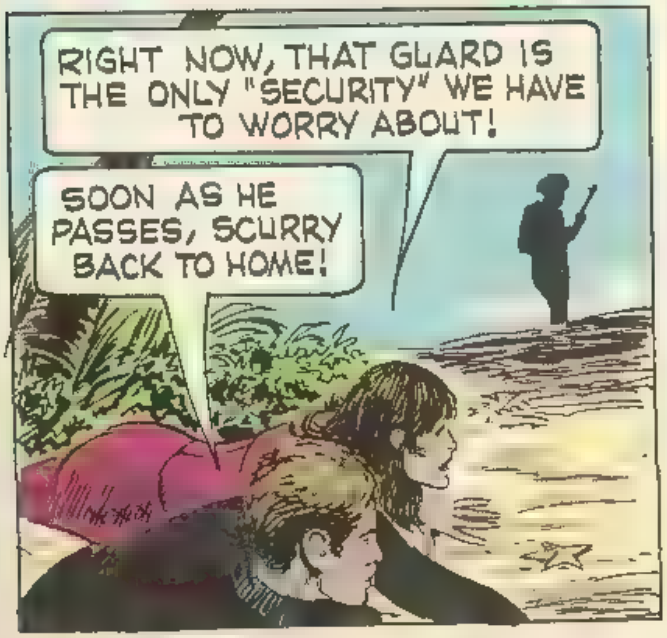



HE PASSED! LET'S MOVE OUT AND CHECK AROUND!
THE LAGOON MIGHT PROVE MOST PROFITABLE FOR A FIRST STOP!
MARK, AM I IMAGINING IT OR IS THE GROUND TREMBLING?
I WAS ABOUT TO ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION! STARTED JUST ABOUT HERE.
LISTEN... A STEADY LOW PURRING UNDER-GROUND!
ON AN EDUCATED GUESS— WE'RE OVER SOME KIND OF GENERATOR THAT SUPPLIES THE ISLAND WITH POWER!
MAYBE IT'S OUT THERE UNDER THE LAGOON! THE WATER'S GLOWING!
COULD BE PHOSPHORESCENCE!
NO, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE COMING FROM ON TOP OF THE SURFACE BUT FROM BELOW!
TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND LET'S HAVE A LOOK!


AN AIR SHELL... KIDD'S UNDERWATER HEADQUARTERS!
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE A WOMAN'S INTUITION! KIDD *IS* SETTING UP AN UNDERWATER BASE HERE!

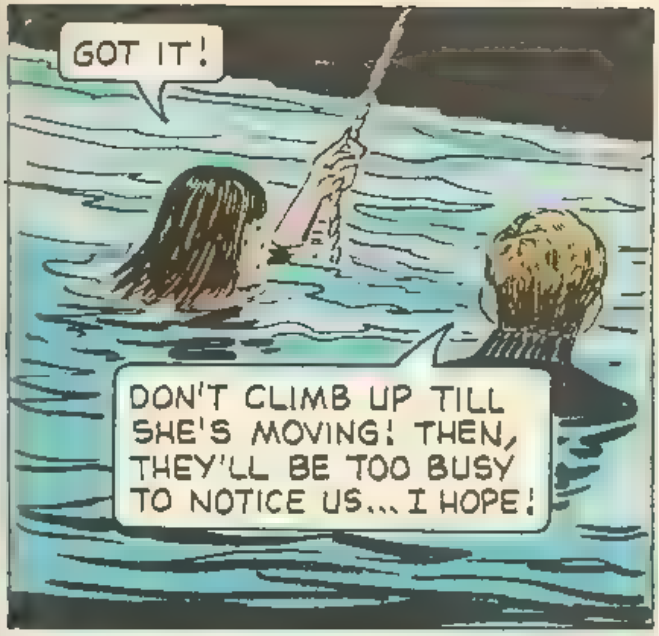

HE'S WORKING A PLOT ON A CHART— COULD BE HIS NEXT CRUISE LINER VICTIM!

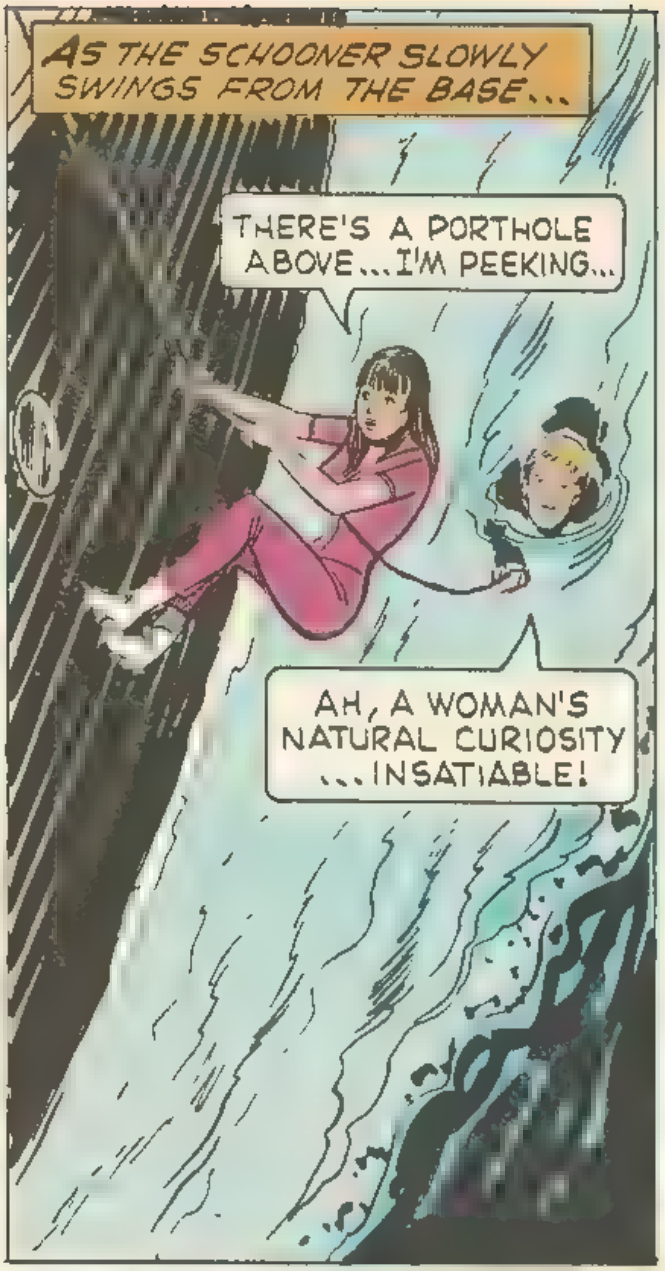

MARK, CAPTAIN KIDD HAS CARRIED PIRACY INTO THE ELECTRONIC AGE!
QUITE RIGHT, APRIL! JUDGING FROM THOSE TELEVISION MONITORS THAT SCAN THE ISLAND AND THE RADAR SETS THAT MUST BE CHECKING THE SEA AND SKY, HE'S GOT GOOD SECURITY!

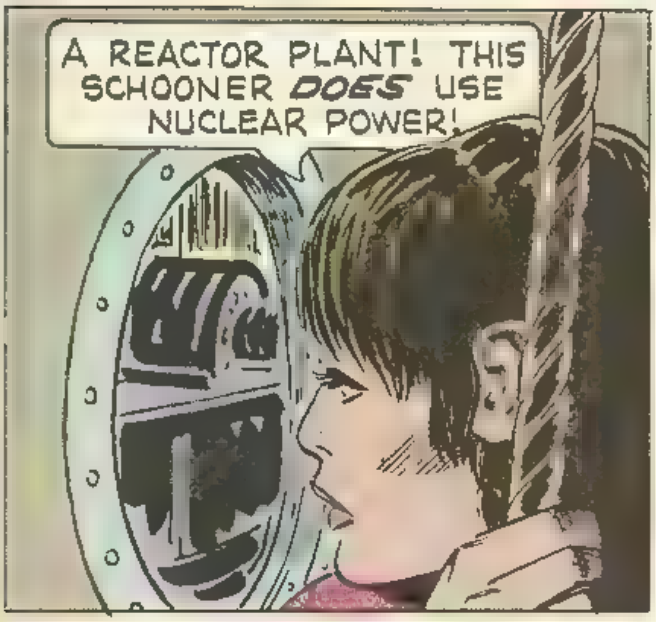

RIGHT NOW, THAT GUARD IS THE ONLY "SECURITY" WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!
SOON AS HE PASSES, SCURRY BACK TO HOME!

ALL THE NEXT DAY, THE SLAVES FILL BALLAST BAGS...
APRIL, I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE SCHOONER...IT'S GOING TO SAIL *SOON!*

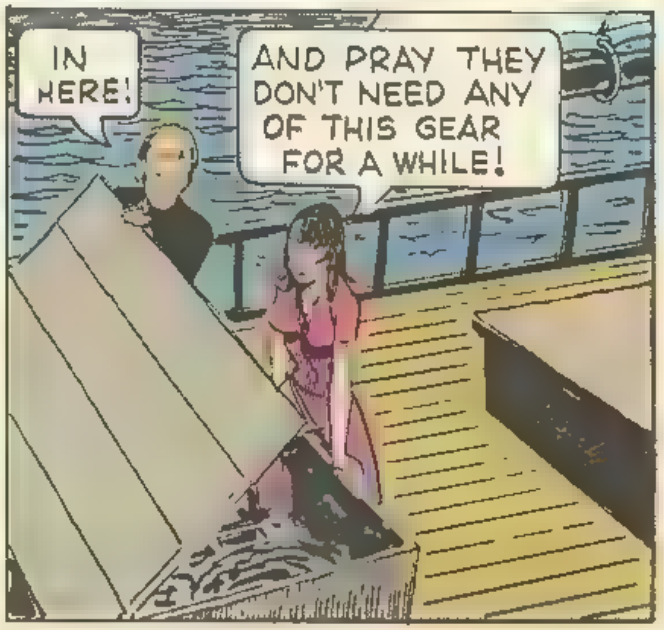
IF WE COULD STOWAWAY ON HER, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO FINALLY RADIO WORD BACK TO U.N.C.L.E.!
FLIRT WITH THE BEACH GUARD, WHILE I GET BEHIND HIM!
YOU ARE CAST PERFECTLY (SIGH!) FOR A PIRATE ... HANDSOME, RUGGED...
LOOK, YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO WORK!
OWW!
THIS COULD MAKE HIM BELIEVE IN THE SANDMAN PUTTING YOU TO SLEEP!
WE CAN TIE, GAG AND HIDE HIM HERE!
IT'S GETTING DARK ENOUGH TO RISK SLIPPING INTO THE WATER BY THE SCHOONER!
SOON...
CAST OFF FORE AND AFT!
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT HER BEING READIED TO SAIL! LET'S NOT MISS THE BOAT!


GOT IT!
DON'T CLIMB UP TILL SHE'S MOVING! THEN, THEY'LL BE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE US... I HOPE!

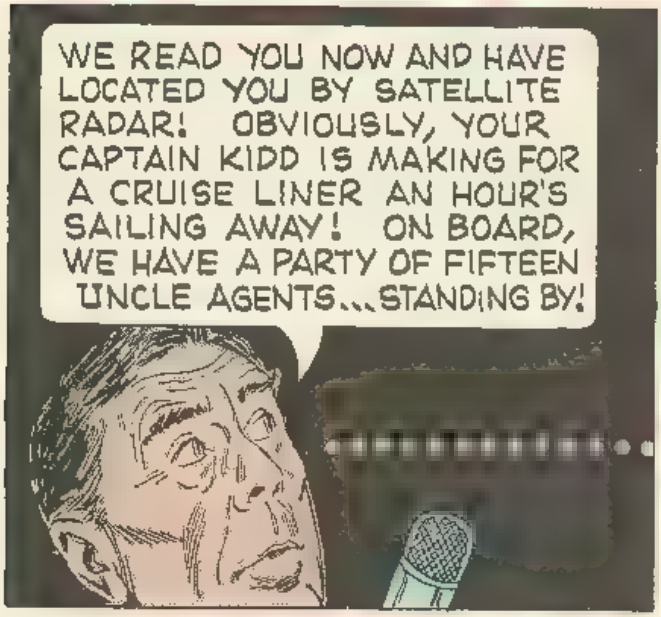

AS THE SCHOONER SLOWLY SWINGS FROM THE BASE...
THERE'S A PORTHOLE ABOVE...I'M PEEKING...
AH, A WOMAN'S NATURAL CURIOSITY ...INSATIABLE!


A REACTOR PLANT! THIS SCHOONER DOES USE NUCLEAR POWER!

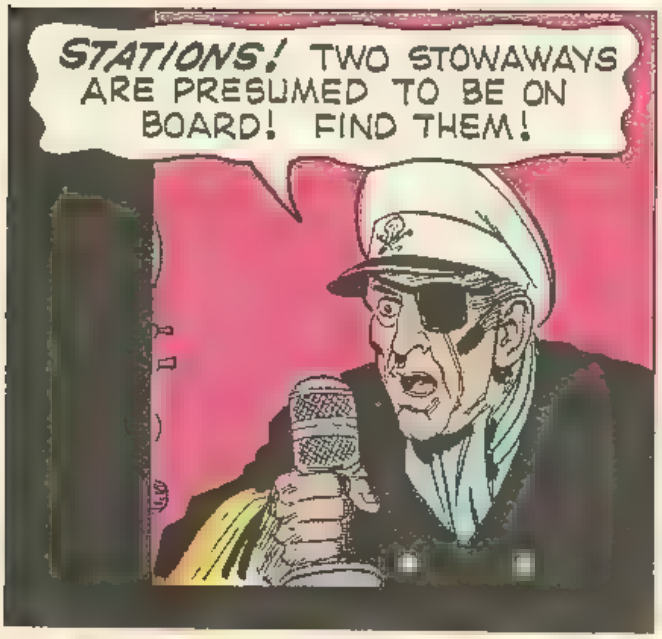
UP AND OVER—
I HEAR VOICES COMING OUR WAY!


IN HERE!
AND PRAY THEY DON'T NEED ANY OF THIS GEAR FOR A WHILE!

SOON AFTER, APRIL CONTACTS UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS AND REPORTS...
AND NOW WE ARE SAILING EAST-SOUTH-EAST! COULDN'T SIGNAL FROM THE ISLAND! THEY MUST HAVE A JAMMING DEVICE THERE!


WE READ YOU NOW AND HAVE LOCATED YOU BY SATELLITE RADAR! OBVIOUSLY, YOUR CAPTAIN KIDD IS MAKING FOR A CRUISE LINER AN HOUR'S SAILING AWAY! ON BOARD, WE HAVE A PARTY OF FIFTEEN UNCLE AGENTS...STANDING BY!

SOON...
SHORE SAYS ONE OF OUR GUARDS WAS FOUND KNOCKED OUT AND TWO PRISONERS ARE MISSING!

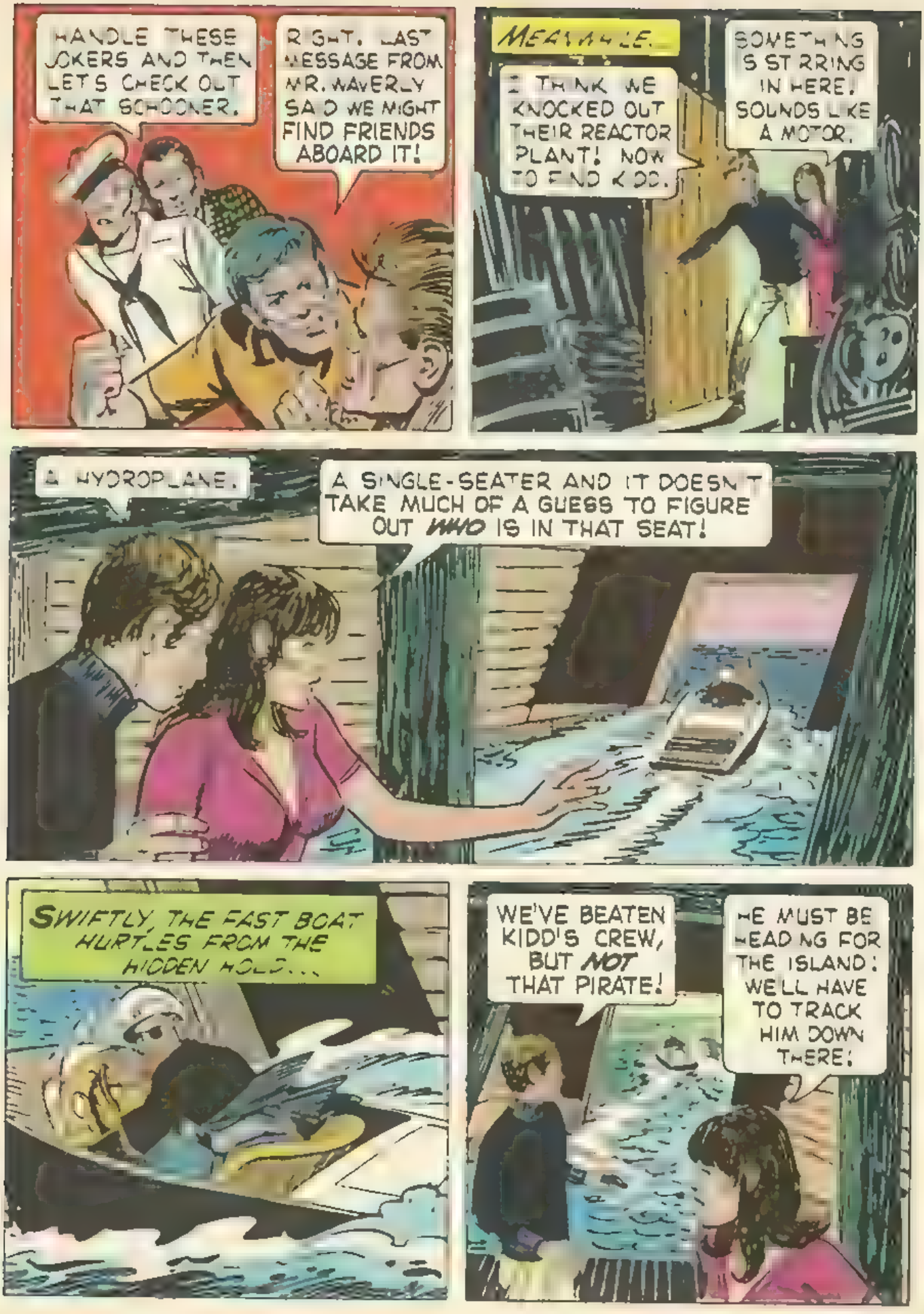

STATIONS! TWO STOWAWAYS ARE PRESUMED TO BE ON BOARD! FIND THEM!

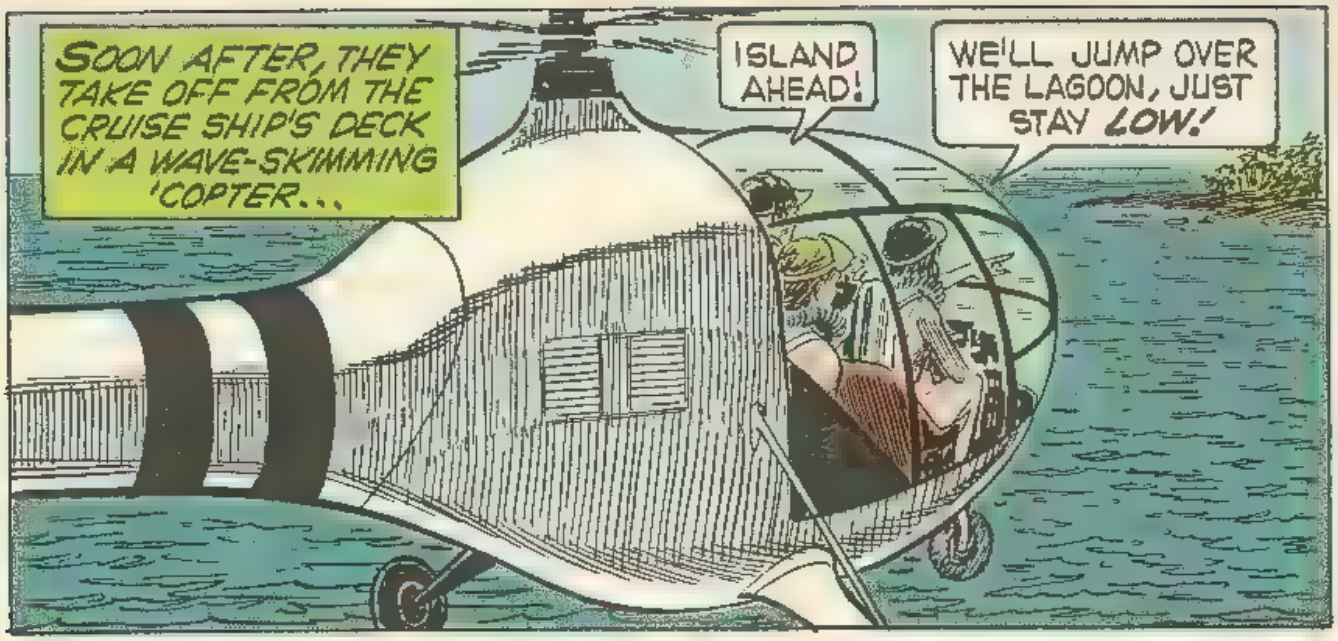
YOU HEARD THE LOUD-SPEAKER, DIDN'T YOU...
AND NOW, I HEAR A LOT OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING THIS WAY!

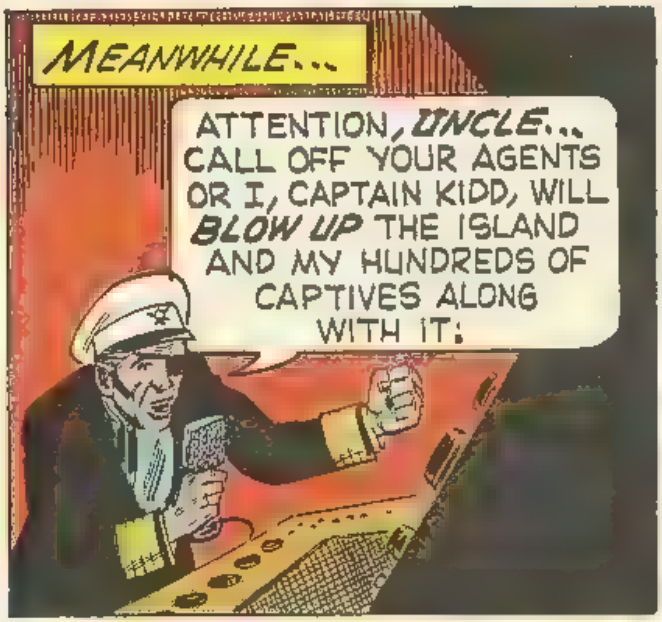
SHIP SIGHTED!
CLANG!
CLANG!
THAT MEANS ABANDON THE STOWAWAY SEARCH AND TAKE BATTLE STATIONS! LET'S GO!
THAT MUST BE THE CRUISE LINER MR. WAVERLY MENTIONED!
NOW SHOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO SLIP OUT OF HERE AND SEE HOW WE CAN HELP OUR FELLOW AGENTS ON THAT SHIP!
SLEEP RAY GUNS BEING ACTIVATED! NUCLEAR CHARGE ...ON!
THEN, THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE TOMMY GUNS ON THE ISLANDS— THESE SLEEP GUNS ONLY WORK BY NUCLEAR POWER FROM THE SCHOONER'S PLANT!
THE LINER IS TWO POINTS OFF THE PORT! AIM THE ION-PROTON GUN!
AYE-AYE, SKIPPER!
CAPTAIN, RADIO REPORTS ALL FREQUENCIES JAMMED!
MAINTAIN COURSE AND USE LIGHT TO FLASH EMERGENCY REQUEST... "NEED DOCTOR, APPENDIX CASE!"

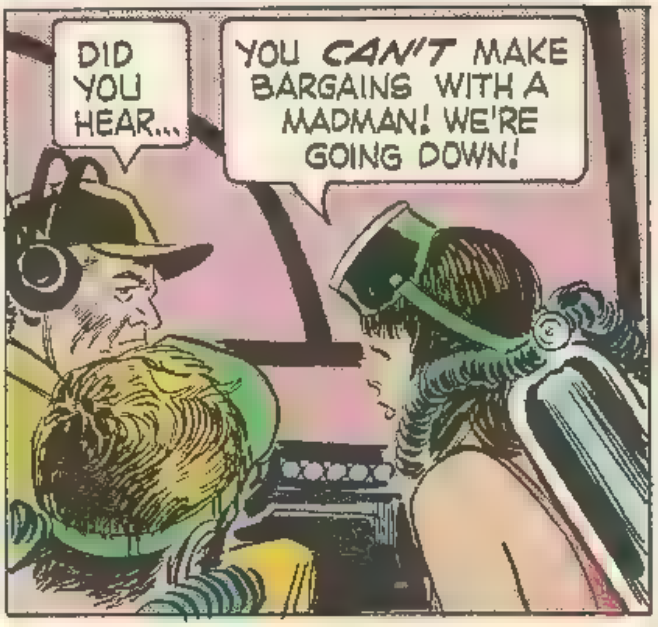
AHOY! HAVING TROUBLE WITH RADIO SIGNALS! YOUR REQUEST...
MEDICAL ASSISTANCE! MUST CONSULT A DOCTOR!
ONCE AGAIN, A CRUISE SHIP INNOCENTLY TAKES ON BOARDERS...
AS SOON AS YOU'RE ON DECK ...INTO ACTION.
THE WAY TO HELP OUR FELLOW AGENTS IS TO NEUTRALIZE THE SLEEP GUNS...
RIGHT! AND THAT MEANS NEUTRALIZE THE NUCLEAR PLANT BELOW!
WHAT IN THE...
I'LL TAKE HIM! BACK ME UP IF HE HAS A FRIEND!
ON THE BUTTON! JUST LET'S HOPE HE'S THE LAST GUARD DOWN HERE!
OW-W!

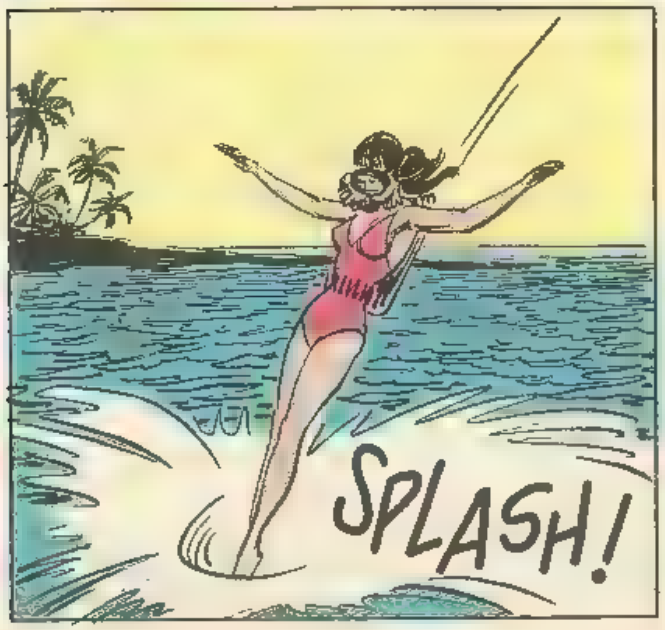
WHO ARE—
WE'LL MAKE INTRODUCTIONS LATER!
THIS MAY HAVE BEEN THE EASY JOB! FINDING OUT HOW TO TURN OFF THE REACTOR LOOKS A BIT PUZZLING!
OWWW!
I SEE A POWER BOOSTER, ENERGY CONVERTOR...
WHICH LITTLE BUTTON PUTS THE SLEEP GUNS TO SLEEP?
MEANWHILE...
NOW...RUSH THEM!
BLAST THE FOOLS!
M-MY RAY ISN'T WORKING...
MINE'S DEAD, TOO! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE POWER?

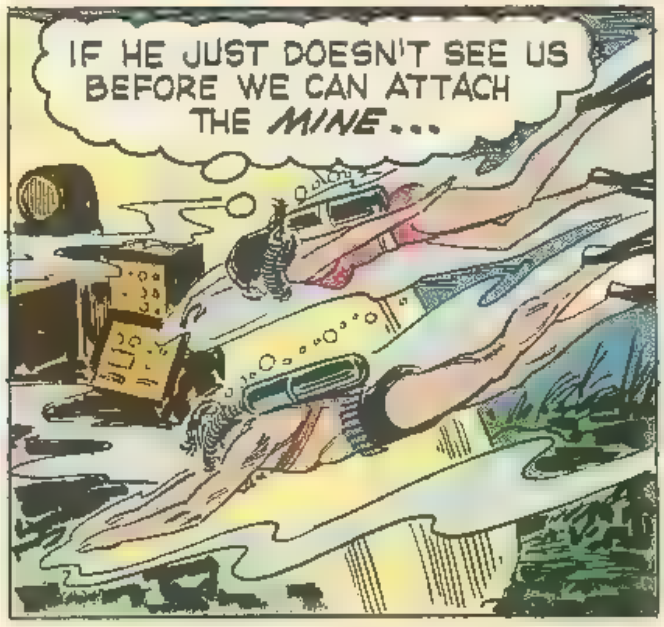

HANDLE THESE JOKERS AND THEN LETS CHECK OUT THAT SCHOONER.
RIGHT. LAST MESSAGE FROM MR. WAVERLY SAID WE MIGHT FIND FRIENDS ABOARD IT!
MEANWHILE...
I THINK WE KNOCKED OUT THEIR REACTOR PLANT! NOW TO FIND KIDD.
SOMETHING'S STIRRING IN HERE! SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR.
A HYDROPLANE.
A SINGLE-SEATER AND IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH OF A GUESS TO FIGURE OUT WHO IS IN THAT SEAT!
SWIFTLY, THE FAST BOAT HURTLES FROM THE HIDDEN HOLD...
WE'VE BEATEN KIDD'S CREW, BUT NOT THAT PIRATE!
HE MUST BE HEADING FOR THE ISLAND! WE'LL HAVE TO TRACK HIM DOWN THERE!

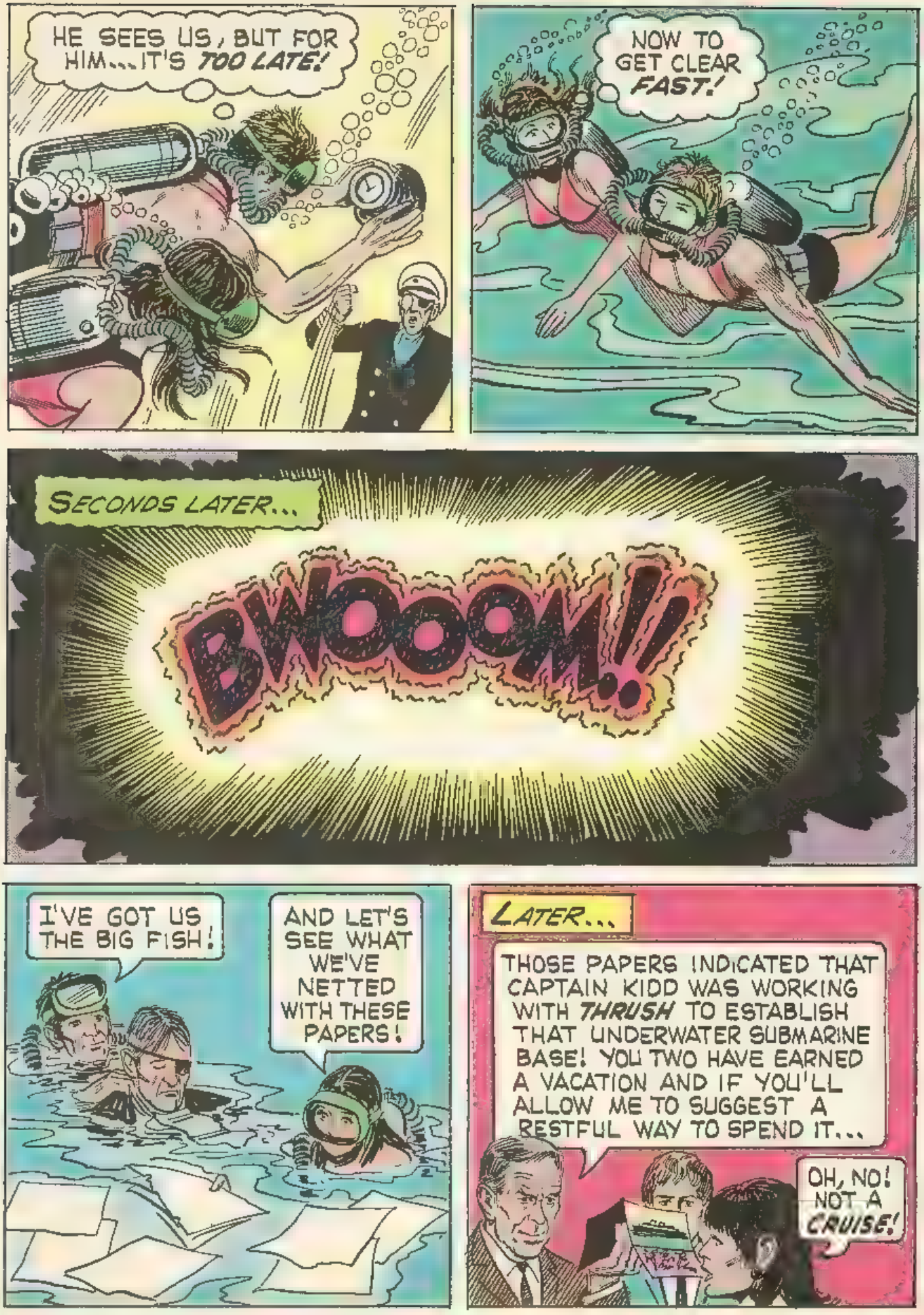

SOON AFTER, THEY TAKE OFF FROM THE CRUISE SHIP'S DECK IN A WAVE-SKIMMING 'COPTER...
ISLAND AHEAD!
WE'LL JUMP OVER THE LAGOON, JUST STAY LOW!


MEANWHILE...
ATTENTION, UNCLE... CALL OFF YOUR AGENTS OR I, CAPTAIN KIDD, WILL BLOW UP THE ISLAND AND MY HUNDREDS OF CAPTIVES ALONG WITH IT!


DID YOU HEAR...
YOU CAN'T MAKE BARGAINS WITH A MADMAN! WE'RE GOING DOWN!


SPLASH!


IF HE JUST DOESN'T SEE US BEFORE WE CAN ATTACH THE MINE...


HE SEES US, BUT FOR HIM....IT'S TOO LATE!
NOW TO GET CLEAR FAST!
SECONDS LATER...
BWOOM!!
I'VE GOT US THE BIG FISH!
AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE NETTED WITH THESE PAPERS!
LATER...
THOSE PAPERS INDICATED THAT CAPTAIN KIDD WAS WORKING WITH THRUSH TO ESTABLISH THAT UNDERWATER SUBMARINE BASE! YOU TWO HAVE EARNED A VACATION AND IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME TO SUGGEST A RESTFUL WAY TO SPEND IT...
OH, NO! NOT A CRUISE!

SWITCHCRAFT

Knit 1, Knit 2, slip waistcoat over jumper or blouse and wear together. Cast off skirt and wear waistcoat teamed with slacks These are the sort of interchangeable separates that no girl agent should be without.

Tension. Six stitches to one inch.
Abbreviations. K knit, p purl, sts stitches, tog together, sl slip one stitch knitways, st-st stocking stitch, tbl through back of loops, psso pass slipped stitch over, inc increasing, dec decrease(ing).

After casting off stitches for shaping, one stitch will remain on right-hand needle which is not included in the instructions that follow.

The Waistcoat
Measurements. To fit 32 (34, 36)-inch bust. Full length 23 (23, 23) inches.
Materials. 10 (11, 12) balls Sirdar Double Knitting Wool, or 11 (12, 13) balls Sirdar Double Crepe Wool. 1 pair No. 8 and No. 10 knitting needles 4 buttons.

Back
Using No. 10 needles cast on 95 [101 : 107] sts. **1st Row.** Sl, k1, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last st, k1. **2nd Row.** Sl, * p1, k1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times inc once at end of last row. 96 [102 : 108] sts. Change to No. 8 needles and proceed as follows: **1st Row.** Sl, knit to end of row. **2nd Row.** Sl, purl to last st, k1

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 48 [48 : 48] times.
Shape Armholes
Cast off 7 [8 : 9] sts at beginning of each of next 2 rows. Work 8 [10 : 12] rows dec once at each end of every row. 66 [66 : 66] sts. Work 62 [60 : 58] rows without shaping.
Shape Shoulders
Cast off 7 [7 : 7] sts at beginning of each of next 2 rows. Cast off 7 [7 : 7] sts at beginning of each of next 4 rows. 24 [24 : 24] sts. Cast off.

Pocket Linings
(Both alike for all 3 sizes) Using No. 8 needles cast on 25 sts. **1st Row.** Sl, knit to end of row. **2nd Row.** Sl, purl to last st, k1. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 14 times. Break off yarn, leave these sts on a thread.

Left Front
Using No. 10 needles cast on 53 [57 : 59] sts. **1st Row.** Sl, k1, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last st, k1. **2nd Row.** Sl, * p1, k1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice then 1st row once. As the sts (may) differ for the various sizes follow the head ings for the size required.
32 and 36 inch only
8th Row. Sl, (p1, k1) 4 times, s. p these 9 sts on to a thread and leave for Front Border, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last 2 sts, inc once in next st purlways, k1. 45 [51] sts.
34 inch only

8th Row. Sl, (p1, k1) 4 times, slip these 9 sts on to a thread and leave for Front Border, * p1, k1, repeat from * to end of row. 48 sts.

32, 34, 36 inch

Change to No. 8 needles and proceed as follows: **1st Row.** Sl, knit to end of row. **2nd Row.** Sl, purl to last st, k1. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 14 times **Next Row.** Sl, k9 [12 : 15], slip next 25 sts on to a thread and leave for Pocket Border, work across 25 sts left on a thread of one Pocket Lining as follows, k25, knit to end of row. Commencing with a purl row work 39 rows in st-st. Work 28 rows dec once at front edge in next and every following 12th row. 42 [45 : 48] sts.

Shape Armhole

Next Row. Cast off 7 [8 : 9] sts, knit to end of row. **Next Row.** Sl, purl to last, st, k1. Work 8 [10 : 12] rows dec once at armhole edge in every row at same time dec once at front edge in 7th row. 26 [26 : 26] sts. Work 62 [60 : 58] rows dec once at front edge only in 11th [9th : 7th] and every following 12th row. 21 [21 : 21] sts.

Shape Shoulder

1st Row. Cast off 7 [7 : 7] sts, knit to end of row. **2nd Row.** Sl, purl to end of row. **3rd Row.** Cast off 7 [7 : 7] sts, knit to end of row. **4th Row.** Sl, purl to end of row. Cast off remaining 7 [7 : 7] sts.

Right Front

Using No. 10 needles cast on 53 [57 : 59] sts. **1st Row.** Sl, k1, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last st, k1. **2nd Row.** Sl, * p1, k1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows once. **5th Row.** Sl, k1, p1, k1, cast off 2 sts, k1, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last st, k1. **6th Row.** Sl, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last 4 sts, cast on 2 sts, (p1, k1) twice. Repeat 1st row once. As the sts (may) differ for the various sizes follow the headings for the size required.

32 and 36 inch only

8th Row. Inc. once in first st, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last 9 sts, slip these sts on to a thread and leave for Front Border. 45 [51] sts.

34 inch only

8th Row. Sl, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last 9 sts, slip these sts on to a thread and leave for Front Border. 48 sts.

32, 34, 36 inch

Change to No. 8 needles and proceed as follows: **1st Row.** Sl, knit to end of row. **2nd Row.** Sl, purl to last st, k1. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 14 times. **Next Row.** Sl, k9, slip next 25 sts on to a thread and leave for Pocket Border, work across 25 sts left on a thread of other Pocket Lining as follows, k25, knit to end of row. Commencing with a purl row work 39 rows in st-st. Work 29 rows dec once at front edge in next and every following 12th row. 42 [45 : 48] sts.

Shape Armhole

Next Row. Cast off 7 [8 : 9] sts purlways, purl to last st, k1. Work 8 [10 : 12] rows dec once at front edge in 7th row at same time dec once at armhole edge in every row. 26 [26 : 26] sts. Work 63 [61 : 59] rows dec once at front edge only in 11th [9th : 7th] and every following 12th row. 21 [21 : 21] sts.

Shape Shoulder

1st Row. Cast off 7 [7 : 7] sts purlways, purl to last st, k1. **2nd Row.** Sl, knit to end of row. **3rd Row.** Cast off 7 [7 : 7] sts purlways, purl to last st, k1. **4th Row.** Sl, knit to end of row. Cast off remaining 7 [7 : 7] sts purlways. Sew up shoulder seams.

Armhole Bands

(Both alike). With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 119 [121 : 123] sts evenly round armhole edge. **1st Row.** Sl, * p1, k1, repeat from * to end of row. **2nd Row.** Sl, k1, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last st, k1. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times then 1st row once Cast off loosely in rib.

Pocket Borders

(Both alike for all 3 sizes). Using No. 10 needles and with right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to 25 sts left on a thread and proceed as follows: **1st Row.** Sl, k1, * k1, repeat from * to last st, k1. **2nd Row.** Sl, * p1, k1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. Cast off loosely in rib.

To Make Up

Press. Sew up side seams. Sew pocket linings in position on wrong side of work. Sew pocket borders in position.

Left Front Border

(For all 3 sizes). Using No. 10 needles and with right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to 9 sts left on a thread for Left Front Border and proceed as follows: **1st Row.** Sl, (k1, p1) 3 times, k2. **2nd Row.** Sl, (p1, k1) 4 times. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows until Border is of sufficient length to go up front and halfway across back of neck, ending with 1st row. Cast off loosely in rib.

Right Front Border

(For all 3 sizes). Using No. 10 needles and with wrong side of work facing, rejoin yarn to 9 sts left on a thread for Right Front Border and proceed as follows: **1st Row.** K1, (p1, k1) 4 times. **2nd Row.** Sl, (k1, p1) 3 times, k2. **3rd Row.** Sl, (p1, k1) 4 times. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows 7 times. ** **18th Row.** Sl, k1, p1, k1, cast off 2 sts, k2. **19th Row.** Sl, p1, k1, cast on 2 sts (p1, k1) twice. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows 9 times.** Repeat from ** to ** once then 18th and 19th rows once. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until border is of sufficient length to go up front and halfway across back of neck, ending with 3rd row. Cast off loosely in rib.

To Complete

Sew ends of borders together and placing seam to centre back of neck, top buttonhole approximately 1 inch below first front decreasing, sew front borders in position. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

The Skirt

Measurements. To fit waist 22 (24, 26) inches. To fit hips 34 (36, 38) inches. Full length 23 (23, 23) inches.

Materials. 11 (12, 13) balls Sirdar Double Knitting Wool, or 12 (13, 14) balls Sirdar Double Crepe Wool.

One pair No. 8 knitting needles. 23 (25, 27) inches Elastic.

Back and Front

(Both alike). Cast on 101 [107 : 113] sts **1st Row.** Sl, k1, * p1, k1, repeat from * to last st, k1. **2nd Row.** Sl, * k1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 3 times, inc once at end of last row. 102 [108 . 114] sts. Proceed as follows: **1st Row.** Sl, knit to end of row. **2nd Row.** Sl, purl to last st, k1. Continue in st-st until work measures 16 inches from commencement, ending on wrong side of work. If a longer length is required, extra inches should be worked at this point. Proceed as follows: **1st Row.** Sl, k18 [19 : 20], sl, k1, psso, k19 [20 : 21], sl, k1, psso, k18 [20 · 22], sl, k1, psso, k19 [20 : 21], sl, k1, psso, k19 [20 : 21]. Commencing with a purl row work 5 rows in st-st without shaping also after 7th, 13th, 19th and 25th rows. **7th Row.** Sl, k18 [19 : 20], k2 tog, k18 [19 · 20], k2 tog, k17 [19 : 21], k2 tog., k18 [19 : 20], k2 tog, k18 [19 : 20]. **13th Row.** Sl, k17 [18 : 19], sl, k1, psso, k17 [18 : 19], sl, k1 psso, k16 [18 : 20], sl, k1, psso, k17 [18 : 19], sl, k1, psso, k18 [19 . 20]. **19th Row.** Sl, k17 [18 : 19], k2 tog, k16 [17 · 18], k2 tog, k15 [17 : 19], k2 tog, k16 [17 : 18], k2 tog, k17 [18 : 19]. **25th Row.** Sl, k16 [17 : 18], sl, k1, psso, k15 [16 : 17], sl, k1, psso, k14 [16 : 18], sl, k1, psso, k15 [16 : 17], sl, k1, psso, k17, [18 : 19]. **31st Row.** Sl, k16 [17 : 18], k2 tog, k14 [15 : 16], k2 tog, k13 [15 : 17], k2 tog, k14 [15 : 16], k2 tog, k16 [17 : 18]. Commencing with a purl row work 3 rows in st-st without shaping also after 35th and 39th rows. **35th Row.** Sl, k15 [16 : 17], sl, k1, psso, k13 [14 : 15], sl, k1, psso, k12 [14 : 16], sl, k1, psso, k13 [14 : 15], sl, k1, psso, k16 [17 : 18]. **39th Row.** Sl, k15 [16 17], k2 tog, k12 [13 : 14], k2 tog, k11 [13 15], k2 tog, k12 [13 : 14], k2 tog, k15 [16 : 17]. **43rd Row.** Sl, k14 [15 : 16], sl, k1, psso, k11 [12 : 13], sl, k1, psso, k10 [12 : 14], sl, k1, psso, k11 [12 : 13], sl, k1, psso, k15 [16 : 17], 66 [72 : 78] sts. Commencing with a purl row work 11 rows in st-st without shaping. Cast off.

To Make Up

Press. Sew up side seams. Sew ends of elastic together and sew in position at waist in casing stitch.

It's a Fact!

WORK OF A LIFETIME

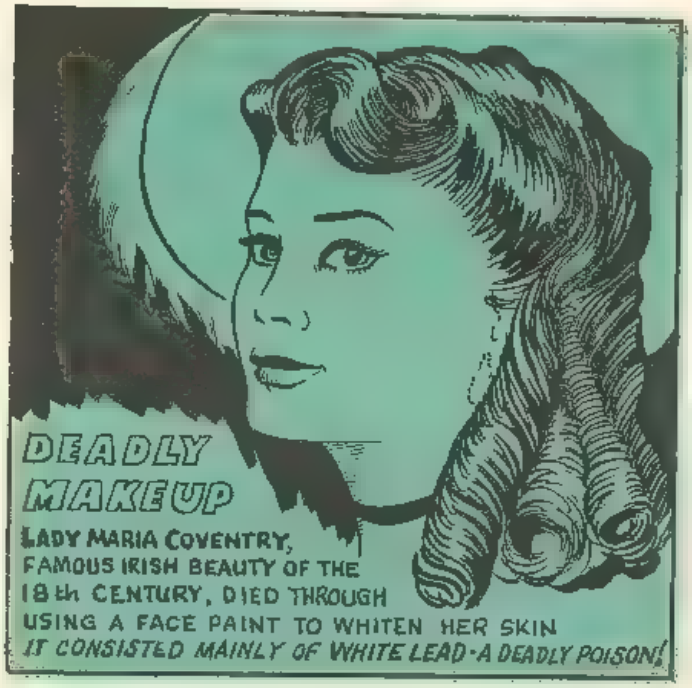
A CARPET, MADE FOR THE GREAT MOSQUE OF THE HOLY CITY OF ARDEBIL IN THE 16th CENTURY, TOOK ONE MAN, MAKSOUD, FORTY YEARS TO COMPLETE. IT CONTAINS 380 HAND-TIED KNOTS TO THE SQUARE INCH -30,038,200 KNOTS IN THE WHOLE CARPET.

FISHY STORY

DURING A HAILSTORM IN ESSEN, GERMANY, A LARGE HAILSTONE FELL WITH A CARP INSIDE.

THE OWL

HAS NO MOVEMENT IN ITS EYES AT ALL BUT TO COMPENSATE FOR THIS IT CAN SWIVEL ITS HEAD ROUND IN AN ALMOST COMPLETE CIRCLE



DEADLY MAKEUP

LADY MARIA COVENTRY, FAMOUS IRISH BEAUTY OF THE 18th CENTURY, DIED THROUGH USING A FACE PAINT TO WHITEN HER SKIN *IT CONSISTED MAINLY OF WHITE LEAD-A DEADLY POISON!*

The GIANT LAND SNAIL,

OF AFRICA, HAS A SHELL SEVEN INCHES IN LENGTH AND LAYS EGGS SIMILAR IN SIZE, SHAPE AND FEEL TO BIRDS' EGGS.

Centuries of Beauty

You can't improve on nature....
Well, from the beginning of time women have had a jolly good try!

Throughout history, men and women have sought to adorn themselves and to improve on what nature has given them. As long ago as 5000 B.C. the Ancient Egyptians discovered the use of beauty aids. One of Egypt's most famous beauty experts was its queen, Cleopatra.

Egyptian women coloured their lips red and used henna to dye their fingernails yellow or orange. To emphasise their eyes, eyebrows and lashes were painted with a black dye called *kohl* and the eyelids tinted with green paint skilfully applied with tiny wooden or ivory sticks. Seven thousand years later the preparations may differ, but the practice is still the same. Archaeologists have, in fact, found cosmetics, very similar to many we still use today, in several of the ancient tombs.

The name cosmetics is actually derived from a Greek word, *kosmetikos* meaning skilled in adorning.

FASHION IN LOOKS

Greek women had quite definite ideas on beauty: the whiter the skin, the more beautiful the face, they believed. To acquire the desired pallor they used chalk or poisonous white lead. In contrast, they dyed their lashes with kohl and, to complete their make-up, they dabbed touches of rouge made from certain lichen plants, on their cheeks and lips.

The effects of white lead on sensitive skins often caused rashes, but these were quickly disguised with a paste of barley flour and butter.

Pliny, the famous Roman historian described how women of his day used facepacks of flour and milk to improve their complexions. Very conscious of keeping up appearances, Roman ladies were the first to use cold cream to keep the skin supple, and even discovered a preparation which bleached their hair. Much time was spent dressing their hair. Sometimes it was powdered with gold dust to make it glisten and, believe it or not, false blonde hair pieces were specially imported from the Germanic tribelands!

Cosmetics from the East did not reach western Europe until the thirteenth century, when the Crusaders returned from the Holy Wars bringing with them many beauty secrets and preparations used by the women of the Oriental lands they had visited.

BEAUTY FROM HERBS

For centuries it had been known that herbs had beautifying powers, although their use was often interwoven with superstition and magic. Herb gathering in itself was a sort of religious rite, performed with many incantations and prayers.

Around 1195 saffron was a prized herb among the nobility. Why? Because knights at the court of Richard the Lionheart used it to make their hair blonde like their warrior king's.

Losing hair obviously isn't only a curse of the twentieth century either. In the seventeenth century, men put great faith in another popular and quite common herb—the yarrow. It was written that yarrow "stayeth the shedding of the hair, the hede being bathed with a decoction of it".

Mugwort, too, was much sought after, especially in the month of May when young maidens were urged to drink mugwort tea so that their good looks would never fade. There's an old rhyme which says:

If they'd drink Nettles in March and Mugwort in May,
So many fine maidens would not go to clay.

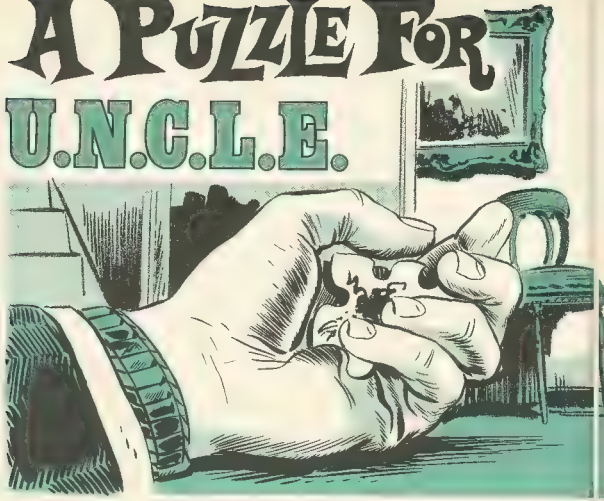
And there's another rhyme, too, about fumitory, a herb used for softening and whitening the skin:

Cropped by maids in weeding hours
To boil in water, milk or whey
For washes on a holiday
To make their beauty fair and sleek
And scare the tan from summer's cheek.

Although we may laugh at the superstitions surrounding herbs, many have stood the tests of centuries and are today recognised as natural medicines and beauty aids. According to eminent research chemists there seems little reason to suppose that certain herbal remedies will ever be bettered.

Make-up is now an art in itself. No longer is a wary eye kept on daughters who try to powder their faces; no longer are "painted" women frowned upon. With the right cosmetics, knowledge and taste even a plain girl today can make herself attractive. So here's to powder and paint, and beauty in a fancy pot!

A PUZZLE FOR U.N.C.L.E.



Act I

The high brick walls in which were set the doors leading into the yards of Norris Drive and Apollo Gardens pressed closely, making it awkward for April Dancer and Mark Slate to walk abreast There was a street lamp only at each end of the alley, and April had to shine her torch to ascertain the house to which UNCLE had been urgently summoned

"Know anything about this Captain Impey?" she whispered to Mark, flattening herself against the wall beside an arched yellow door, crookedly numbered 31, and pulling out her tiny radio

"Only that he sends viewing figures and blood pressures rocketing with his every appearance on the Private Opinions show."

For Mark many a favourite book, painting, firmly held opinion would be long tainted by the Captain's pompous, ill-tempered defence of it. His annihilations, however deserved, were too overpowering to be pleasurable

"We're outside the back of Captain Impey's house now, sir," April reported to Mr. Waverly.

"Anything untoward happening, Miss Dancer?"

"All quiet, sir."

"Proceed as arranged Remember the Captain mentioned THRUSH."

"Yes, s. . . ." A cry from within the house, a very trumpet of pain and fury, cut off the end of April's answer

Footsteps heralded the violent wrenching open of the yellow door. Mark, who had sprung forward, found himself being stared at in ugly surprise by a squat-necked man wearing a spotted bow-tie that matched the hand round his hat With a hiss the man brought his revolver up under Mark's jaw. The one second more in which he paused to hurl the dazed UNCLE agent against the opposite wall proved fatal

For, as April leapt to tackle the stranger herself, there was the seeming-ly simultaneous sound of a shot and the shattering of glass. The man lurched into April's arms, a dark stain spreading ominously in the centre of his jacket

April passed her burden willingly to Mark and stooped to pick up the revolver, fitted with a silencer, which had clattered on to the wet bricks from the suddenly limp hand

The girl agent turned her head towards the house, noting the gaping back door, and the light streaming from the snatched back curtain Behind the shattered sash window a figure twitched and slumped sideways.

"Did you say all was quiet, Miss Dancer?" enquired Mr. Waverly's voice dryly over the radio.

April started. "*Was*, sir. I'll report in a few minutes when we've—er, seen to the bodies `

Mark, at a nod from April, hoisted the man with the bow-tie over his shoulder and deposited him on a bench in the paved yard. Quietly, April bolted the yellow door. A dog, set noisily protesting by the shot, lapsed into silence again

Certain the man was dead, Mark went into the house. April remained only to uncurl the fingers of the man's other hand, which she had noticed had remained clenched Into her own palm fell a piece of jigsaw This she stared at wonderingly for a moment. Was it for a piece of jigsaw that this man had shot, and, in escaping, been shot?

All that Mr. Waverly had been told in the hurried telephone call to UNCLE headquarters was that Captain Impey had stumbled upon something alarming, in view of the people it must implicate. Because the captain was confined to a wheelchair, and his sister, who usually drove him around, was out, he could not drive to New York. And, of course, he had hinted THRUSH might be involved

Thus had begun April and Mark's speedy journey out to Trelaine Falls, a journey, April now realised, that had not been speedy enough

Mark was already straightening up from the figure in the invalid chair when April entered the room. He toed the Captain's revolver, which had fallen on to the carpet, towards her.

"Bad chest injury but still breathing," he reported

Rapidly April asked for channel D to be cleared, noting, as she waited for Mr. Waverly's voice, the overtoppled table; the few jigsaw pieces scattered on the carpet; the large board with the dark, rough surface on which the almost completed puzzle —Andre Doge's *Horses of Satan*—had remained, despite its fall, miraculously intact. Obviously the Captain had been working at the jigsaw until interrupted by the stranger. By the near-by clawed foot of a striped sofa April spied a scarlet and cream drum, and turning this over with the tip of her boot she read. JUPITER JIG SAW SOCIETY.

Mr. Waverly, crisply informed of the dead body in the yard and the wounded one in the study, broke off only to order an ambulance

Mr. Slate, as secretly as possible, was to carry the dead man to the UNCLE agents' car at the end of the alley and bring him to UNCLE headquarters in hope of identification

Captain Impey, on the other hand, was to be transferred openly to the ambulance immediately it arrived at 31 Apollo Gardens, but he was to be covered as if dead. This in case of possible THRUSH onlookers. One never knew to whom a face behind a curtain might belong If THRUSH had intended Captain Impey to be killed, then killed he must appear to have been; otherwise they would make another attempt

While Mark was busy outside and

she was waiting for the ambulance, April lifted the nearly completed jigsaw on to the table. Gathering up the scattered pieces, she had the puzzle finished in a minute. But the piece found in the dead man's hand did not belong to it!

Any suspicion that the two men might have been jigsaw fanatics and the piece snatched up in a moment's anger or spite, evaporated. The piece in her pocket obviously belonged to a larger, more sinister puzzle, and its originator was THRUSH.

Mark, when the Captain had been removed, at first smiled at her theory. Too well he remembered the childhood annoyance of pieces dropped and accidentally scooped into the wrong box.

"Adult enthusiasts," opined April, "would never be so careless."

Mark twirled the handsome drum thoughtfully. Indeed it *was* unlikely that a society which boasted millionaires, royalty, politicians among its members would make the mistake of mixing its puzzles.

"Are the puzzles loaned or bought?" queried April.

"Loaned," said a voice, tremulous but sharp, and the two agents wheeled to find themselves threatened by a diminutive woman pointing a dagger that a moment before had been hanging in the hall. "Just who are you, and what are you doing here, and where's my brother?"

Mark explained about the telephone call to UNCLE, the shooting.

"Your brother will recover but he won't be around for a while," he finished. "However Mr. Waverly wants you to go ahead and announce his death, arrange his funeral even just to fool whoever it is who wants him dead." Mark did *not* mention THRUSH.

For a moment Miss Impey had looked shaken; now there was an almost exultant twinkle in her pale, flat eyes.

"And I won't have to visit him?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Well, obviously not, so don't bother telling me where he is. Then he can't come back at me for it."

April glanced at Mark in surprise. Was this the woman he had told her a moment before was devoted to the Captain's every whim.

"I guess I'd better start writing his obituary and ordering a wreath right away," went on Miss Impey.

"You had already gone out when your brother phoned us?" said April.

"Oh my, yes. I know nothing about anything. My brother you know had—has—very decided views on everything, and one of those was is—I have no sense or knowledge of anything. And I daresay he's right," she added. "After all, goodness, what's a woman for but to make popovers and sew on shirt buttons?" There was a dash of spite in her words, yet there was humour, too, and April knew from the impish look the woman shot her none of it was personally directed.

"If I was you," insisted Miss Impey, "I'd keep my brother sedated for a day or two. Worst thing he can do is start talking. Come to think of it perhaps I ought to visit him—*if* he comes round."

As the two UNCLE agents drove away, with the body of the Captain's attacker on the floor in the back, they saw Miss Impey enthusiastically muffling the door-knocker in black velvet.

"She's enjoying herself!" exclaimed Mark.

Act II

Next morning, while Mark was applying in person at the New York clubrooms of the Jupiter Jigsaw Society for membership, April was driving out to Trelaine Falls again

The dead man, alas, had not been identified, and the piece of jigsaw, despite all tests, had remained simply a piece of plywood covered with painted paper. Where, pondered UNCLE, were its fellow pieces? What picture did they make? What was their significance?

The Captain, since the bullet had been removed from his chest at the Marie Elisabeth Hospital, had surfaced briefly into consciousness, and Mr. Waverly had been present to question him But to every mention of THRUSH had come only a fuzzy, yet impatient mutter about his arm, which after all had received but the slightest of bruises. The doctors had been tactfully insistent that it was rest, under sedation, that the Captain needed, not questions

Miss Impey, April had been surprised to learn, had phoned every hour throughout the night to learn her brother's condition

The girl agent ran into the little woman, who was in deepest mourning from her veiled toque to her patent shoes, as she was being escorted from the Falls Funeral Parlour

"Why, my dear, *you* can drive me back to Apollo Gardens," she declared "That funeral car can take home a more deserving customer "

"My," she exclaimed, as they were on their way, "what *are* folks going to say when they learn Harmer isn't dead after all! It's been nothing but telephone calls and commiserations ever since the announcement appeared in the *Echo* this morning."

She pointed to a garage they were approaching "Could you just stop here one moment, Miss Dancer, while I tell them to send their man out with my car as quickly as possible. Truth is I just can't bear to stay in that house alone an hour longer, remembering what happened to poor Harmer I'm off to some friends for a couple of days in Stockville, and I always like to have my car checked over before a long drive

April obligingly stopped, and the little figure flitted towards the office.

"I'll just have to get my bag packed," she declared when she returned "My, how kind and long-faced everybody is being Did I tell you, Miss Dancer, that the Jupiter Society is sending a simply enormous spray of red and cream roses and a whole *row* of mourners. . . "

April remembered *The Horses of Satan* "When did the puzzle arrive?"

"Why, yesterday Harmer was in a fine state all morning because he'd been notified it was on its way, and then of course it was delivered while he was having his after-luncheon nap I do think a good nap is necessary when a man spends all day getting so steamed up about everything! So actually he didn't get to starting the puzzle till after tea "

April wondered if Miss Impey *ensured* the Captain always had a good nap "Are the puzzles ever mixed up?" she queried.

"Oh my!" Miss Impey's tiny black-gloved hand flied to her mouth "Don't you dare tell Harmer. He went mad the last time that happened."

"The last time the Jupiter Society sent a wrong piece?

"No, the last time I spilt the box and scooped up some pieces from one of his own jigsaws. I get so nervous with those things. Why, do you know how much each one is worth? Fancy you discovering what I'd done "

April wished she could see the eyes behind the veil. She had a suspicion they were laughing at her.

"Now, my dear, if you'll just wait in Harmer's study while I get my bag packed."

April stared around the room, cold and normal enough now, despite last night's high drama She saw the familiar jigsaw drum standing on the bureau; the vacant invalid chair before the window, whose shattered pane had now been removed and replaced with a sheet of cardboard

Quite a curiosity the Captain's chair, reflected April, with its carved, inlaid back and broad, half-padded arms. Very comfortable, no doubt for the Captain's own arms to rest on

Arms! April stared in dawning triumph at the humps of faded velvet. Was it one of his chair-arms the briefly conscious Captain Impey had tried to tell Mr. Waverly about?

Expertly, April began to examine one of them. As she had hopefully begun to suspect, the pad swung away revealing a narrow, baize-lined cavity, holding the Captain's throat-lozenges, matches, some old stamps, a screwdriver. . . . Interesting but hardly important. Suddenly she felt the hard base of the pad move under her fingers, and, pressing harder, a narrow slate was released. Disappointingly its surface was clear. But there was still the other arm

Her fingers were upon the very studs that would release the pad when the cardboard across the window fell in with a thump, and she was aware of the mouth of a gun menacing her through the aperture. It was a clean hand holding the gun, and the oily face of an overalled figure regarding her through the upper pane.

"Get back," ordered the figure, ducking as it climbed into the room

April obeyed, her eyes seeking something large and soft she could hurl, like a cushion. Something that would stop a bullet

"Away from the sofa," grated the voice warningly

She felt the back of her knees touch the seat edge of a chair

"Stop," ordered the voice

The man swung a loop of rope in his free hand It whistled as it flew towards her and, though she ducked, it slithered down over her shoulders, trapping her arms to her sides.

"Sit," he ordered, and then he came towards her and spun the remaining rope about her legs. She winced at the tightness of his knots

Grinning, he put down his revolver and bent over the left arm of the invalid chair, repeating the movements which obviously he had watched April make on the right arm. Fool not to have kept a watch out for peepers!

April's throat was dry with expectancy as she watched the pad swing away and the man's hand dive eagerly into the cavity

She saw the rise of the snake's head and the terrified withdrawal of the man's hand. Heard the snake's hiss and the man's scream, and in horror saw him crumple on to the carpet The snake-head weaved curiously, and then the long, shimmering body began its sinuous descent from the cavity to the floor

Desperately April struggled against the rope Useless. Not comforted by her recognition of the snake, she

watched it advancing towards her feet. Felt it climb up her boots, over her lap, and then actually brush her chin as it rose towards her shoulder She steeled herself to repress the least shudder. Some of its venom had been released, but possibly not all

Not until a sickening age afterwards she saw it slithering over the windowsill into the yard, did she let out a long breath of thankfulness.

Now she dared call for Miss Impey. Nobody appeared. She called louder. Still there was not the slightest sound, and now it dawned upon her that there had been no sound overhead for a very long time.

Her last call died in her throat as she saw the yellow door at the end of the yard opening slowly. Relief escaped in a sigh. Mark! Then she remembered the snake. But Mark had seen and dealt with it even as she cried out a warning.

"Whose jolly idea was this?" he demanded, as he cut her free

April looked down at the lifeless, overalled body on the floor. "For once I owe my life to THRUSH," she declared. "Oh golly, Miss Impey!"

Mark stopped her unsteady rush for the door "Er Miss Impey isn't upstairs."

"Oh?" April turned her dark head inquiringly

"I passed her on the highway breaking the speed limit in *your* car" April opened her mouth and closed it again

"This was stuck in the steering wheel of a car outside, presumably hers" He handed her a large envelope across which was scrawled: "DO NOT USE. PROBABLY TAMPERED WITH"

"Is she bright or dangerous?" said April.

Mark shrugged, and watched with interest as April released the slate base of the chair-arm On it was chalked the rough outline of a piece of jigsaw and the numbers 910–00–17–455

Code?" Mark took from his pocket the original piece of jigsaw "This must have had those numbers written on it, but how were they scrubbed out without leaving any trace of erasure?

April was imagining what the

Captain, or indeed anyone, would have done with the jigsaw piece if they had found it among the other pieces in the drum Presumably tried to fit it into the puzzle. Swiftly she pressed it down upon the hard rough surface of the board and removed it Momentarily there appeared on the wooden underside the numbers 910–00–17 455 Then the numbers faded

"A specially treated surface," exclaimed Mark

"I wonder just *who* else received an odd piece of jigsaw with their puzzle?" he ruminated, as they drove rapidly back to headquarters in his car

"Members of THRUSH within the Jupiter Society?" hazarded April.

Act III

"Well, that's the decoded message," announced Mr. Waverly. "Paris—five o'clock today."

April groaned "No meeting place?"

"The Jupiter Society has identical clubrooms in all the big capitals," said Mark. "I wasn't accepted for membership, but I did learn that."

"Have a plane ready to leave for Paris immediately," ordered Mr Waverly. "Occupants Miss Dancer and Mr Slate"

The two UNCLE agents watched the entrance to the Jupiter club from a top window of the Musee opposite

"Lots of coming, no going," commented Mark, as the seventeenth well-dressed person climbed the steps and disappeared into the almost temple-like building

April stared out over the flat roof decorated with giant cream studs. Some of these. Mark had informed her, went right down through the building as pillars, others were sawn-off, as it were, and hung stump-like from the top ceilings, and contained

lights. April watched another man approaching the steps, and through her binoculars saw him draw from his pocket and look at a piece of jigsaw

"That *could* be an admission ticket," she exclaimed

"Mark, you stay here," she directed, "until I call for you over my radio"

She went swiftly through the succession of small rooms that led to the main staircase of the Musee. Suddenly from behind a bronze statue in an alcove darted a tiny, familiar figure, no longer in mourning, and pointing a revolver

"Your handbag, Miss Dancer May I have it?"

Miss Impey had to step close to take the obediently held out bag April thrust it hard into her chest, and as the woman stumbled against the wall, the girl agent seized her revolver, and applied a hard squirt from her deodorant spray

Hastily she put Miss Impey back behind the statue She would warn Mark of the woman's presence in the Musee when she reached the Jupiter building. No time to waste now

Indeed the piece of jigsaw, carefully examined, did secure her unquestioned admittance into the lofty foyer where a lift slid her silently and too speedily to the top floor; too speedily because she had time only to tell Mark she was successfully inside before the wrought gates opened and a scarlet-uniformed usher, with a pistol stuck into his sash, stepped forward to conduct her into a great pillared room, platformed at one end.

Another usher led her to a table where her piece of jigsaw was fitted, as others had been, into an almost completed puzzle lying face downwards on a familiar rough surface

Then April took one of the scarlet-padded seats facing the platform. The lighting did indeed come, as Mark had described, from the cream stumps boring the scarlet ceiling Four of these hung over the platform but only two were lit and these dimly, so that when the man who was to address them, and his two companions, took their seats behind the scarlet-draped table it was impossible to distinguish any of their features

For the next hour April's nerves tingled Not only did she learn that THRUSH had infiltrated and taken control of the Jupiter Society, but she also learned their plans

By many means, predominantly blackmail, bribery and violence, they intended to force the society's rich and influential members to become their stooges. The big art thefts would continue, and the priceless canvases be packed behind the completed jigsaws in the familiar Jupiter boxes, or rolled inside the larger drums, containers too long familiar the world over to be suspect by any postal authority

Every enemy would be ruthlessly annihilated, starting with the man whose portrait their various pieces of jigsaw had combined to make. This was flashed on to the screen at the back of the platform.

April swallowed a gasp. Mr Waverly!

The agent whom the spotlight would briefly touch would remain behind for annihilation instructions.

April swallowed a second gasp as the spotlight fell on her

There had been no further chance to contact Mark before the meeting, there was none now as the people filed out The leader beckoned her

on to the platform, and walked a few steps away from her as Mr. Waverly's face was again flashed on to the screen

"Your employer, Miss Dancer? Pray do not move," he commanded "Indeed, I fear you cannot."

April tried to move her feet, and found indeed she was transfixed

"To be honest, we were expecting Miss Impey. But you must have enjoyed an instructive hour, Miss Dancer. Alas, your knowledge of our plans is useless. Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, you will recall You are to be imprisoned in a pillar, a soundproof pillar of. . . . No, I will not tell you that."

To her horror April saw the stump above her head lengthening, its mouth gaping emptily.

"Your friends may succeed in entering our building, but though they search from base to roof they will never suspect you are incarcerated inside a pillar "

The man pointed to another stump above the platform which was also lengthening

"We must preserve a harmonious balance, must we not?"

The tubular interior descended over April's silence. Now whatever magnetic force had held her feet was withdrawn. But she knew she might stamp, and thump her hands upon the inside of the pillar till she dropped no sound would escape.

It would, she supposed, be an unpleasantly long death!

Act IV

For the umpteenth time, though she had realised long ago the hopelessness of doing so, she tried to call Mark on her radio Idiotic to think she could penetrate *this* pillar.

Only one ray of hope remained, not for her, but the world. Somebody inside but not *of* THRUSH must deliberately have sent Captain Impey that piece of jigsaw, knowing he was just the sort of person who when he realised he had stumbled on something would fight and broadcast the fact. That person might continue undetected in THRUSH.

When Mark Slate's words came, she thought at first she must be imagining them

"Hold on, April. Be through to you in a jiffy "

Then she saw a curl of steel emerging opposite her unbelieving eyes Powdered pillar began to shower the floor Rapidly the hole widened sufficiently for Mark to stick his head through

"Prepare to wriggle out." he grinned.

He gave a half-choking cry of surprise as somebody pulled him violently backwards. April recognised the wrinkled fingers holding the revolver that appeared where Mark's head had been, she cursed her stupidity Miss Impey! She had never warned Mark. Just as she made to grab the revolver it clattered close to her feet

"Take this Miss Dancer. Someone's coming. I think we shall have to shoot our way out."

They did, and Miss Impey put her first bullet into a man a fraction of a second before he completed his intention of putting one into Mark Slate's back

'It was very naughty of you, Miss Dancer, to pinch my chance of being present at that meeting," Miss Impey scolded, as the UNCLE plane soared over Paris. "That really would have been something to silence Harmer with."

"You tie me in knots, Miss Impey," confessed April.

"Silly child, it was *me* who discovered that piece of jigsaw first, *and* what was written on it I always do Harmer's puzzles while he's asleep When he got to being bombastic about women not being skilful enough to join his precious club, I told him so, and just to infuriate him further

I said I was sure THRUSH or somebody had obtained a grip of the Jupiter Society Then I stalked out. Mind you, I didn't think he'd be so bull-headed as to contact the Society and demand an explanation, and then, I suppose not being satisfied, telephone UNCLE. *And* get himself shot. Anyway he's been nicely out of the way while I've had a slice of adventure Just let him start browbeating me again!"

"The snake?" said April faintly

"Don't ask me about that! I guess he must have had the pet shop send one round as a defence. Just fancy putting it in his chair-arm "

Mark and April exchanged glances Well, after all, he hadn't known he would get shot and perhaps he had *tried* to warn them

"Just one thing I'm grateful about," said Mark soberly. "I'd seen the inside of the New York Jupiter building and knew there shouldn't be any pillars on the platform. But for that, April, we might really have never discovered you."

"And it was me who said try the right pillar first," crowed Miss Impey

April smiled her thanks at both of them

Beauty Wardrobe

The new, soft look which can be easily achieved with a little practice and patience

The trend in fashion is towards softer, more feminine lines both in clothes, where the gentle romantic mood prevails, and in hairstyles, which are wavy, bouncy and naturally shining with health. To complement this look the movement in make-up is towards a more natural, less harsh appearance: the key being under-statement rather than over-emphasis.

The eyes are still the focal point of the face, although with less exaggerated lines and slighter darker shades in lipsticks the face has a more balanced look.

With this new natural aspect, making-up needs more skill: it has become an art. But a little practice and experimentation, besides being fun, soon takes you on the path to subtle beauty—and it is surprising how quickly skill can be acquired.

The great advantage of this look falls to the young. Formerly, the popular harsh make-up always appeared too ageing for a teenager. But the current fashion in make-up, the natural look, is flattering to the young, and any young girl can keep up with the latest trends with the minimal number of tubes and jars. But there are still pitfalls . . .

With so great a variety of products on the market today, and with so many eye-catching gimmicks which lure us to the cosmetic counters to make compulsive purchases, it is easy to buy unnecessary items. It is especially difficult for teenagers, who are still experimenting with colours and textures and who are, anyway, uncertain as to what they really need.

Searching for guidance, we approached the cosmetic house of Coty whose products are noted for their special purity, an essential quality for products for the sensitive and delicate young complexion. Jane Cooper, the Manager Consultant, devised this basic beauty wardrobe for the under-twenties to help you in your choice.

Remember that before starting your morning make-up routine, cleansing and toning are essential preparatory steps which do not only apply to nightly skin care. Cleansers open the pores and float away any dirt and grime that have collected during sleep. A splashing of skin freshener closes the pores, toning the skin, and balancing any oiliness. Any extra greasy patches, such as round the nose, chin and forehead, should be treated with a stronger-action astringent. Your face is now clean and firm—the perfect canvas for the artist to begin her picture!

The first essential, recommended by Jane Cooper, is a moisturiser. One is never too young to start using protective creams. A moisturiser protects the skin against the drying effects of sun, wind and dust and of central heating, and also guards against dirt. It also prevents make-up from clogging the pores of the skin, thus letting the skin breathe while simultaneously protecting it.

The latest foundations are light textured and translucent, giving a healthy, out-of-doors look. These are ideal for a young skin, as they add little colour and merely form an invisible skin film. Choose a shade which is closest to your skin colour, or a light beige. Before buying foundation try a little on the inside of your wrist where the skin shows up its true colours, to make sure that it is neither too dark nor too pale, neither too pink nor too olive.

With the tendency towards gleaming healthy complexions, powder is not really necessary, but if a matte finish is preferred try a translucent powder which is very fine and adds no colour. If using a coloured powder be sure to make the same test on your wrist as for foundation. Jane Cooper suggests using a cream powder, such as is normally only used for touching up during the day, until you can afford the loose powder which, strictly speaking, should be used for the first application of the day.

It takes little to enhance sparkling

young eyes, and the products on the market can be used to subtly enlarge and emphasise them. With the latest trends, eyes have lost that Cleopatra look of former years and the expression is softer, even doe-eyed. The colours used in shadows and liners are more muted, and do not detract from the eye itself: the object is to enhance, not to blot out.

A little gleaming silvery gloss can be used to highlight the brow bone. Coty make one which can also be used over ordinary eye-shadows to give an all-over glossy effect. Soft pastel shadow, whether in powder or stick form, blended over the lid and into the fold, gives added attraction and depth to the eye. If pocket-money is limited it is best to buy a shadow which tones with the colour of the eye itself, and to leave colours which pick up the colours of your outfit until you can afford to lash out.

A fine, hair-thin line of eye-liner close to the lashes also helps to accentuate the eye. Choose a grey or brown shade; black is far too severe for the modern soft look.

To complete that innocent wide-eyed look, use a touch of mascara. Best is the cream block, applied with a brush moistened in warm water, although many prefer the new type of liquid mascara which contains silky fibres which make even sparse lashes look long and lustrous. As with eye-liner, avoid black—use brown or charcoal.

Eyebrows frame the picture and also accentuate the eye. If you pluck your eyebrows do not remove any hairs from above the brow, but carefully take out any straggglers on the brow bone and on the bridge of the nose. The natural look of the eye is echoed by the eyebrow and, generally speaking combing into arched curves is all that is necessary. But for those whose eyebrows are particularly pale, eyebrow pencil or powder can be used to define the line more clearly. Strokes of the brush or pencil should be light and feathery and made against the growth of the hair. When brushed back the effect will be more natural and there will be no hard lines.

To balance your eye make-up, try one of the new, warmer red lipsticks. To find out if these darker shades suit you, perhaps mother would lend you one of hers to try out. This way you won't make an unnecessary, unsuccessful buy. These latest shades are not thick and heavy, they are translucent and glossy but if you find them unflattering, or if you have a pale complexion, try a mid-pink or mid-coral colour instead.

When applying lipstick remember to use a lipbrush. This gives a more definite outline and, with a little practice, can be used to change the shape of your lips. If your lips are too full or too thin, proportion them by drawing a line either inside or outside of the natural lipline and filling in the middle. To give your application a longer life always blot your lips with a tissue, except in the case of glossy lipsticks, which should be left shining and alluring.

To give your whole new face a longer life which will remain perfect all day or evening, take a pad of cotton wool wrung out in cold water and press gently over the entire face—taking care not to smudge any of the artwork!

Cleansing is not only a part of nightly skin care but also an essential preparatory step before making-up.

Foundation should be applied with the fingertips or a damp sponge to the entire face, including eyelids.

Mascara makes lashes long and lustrous and completes the soft-eyed look

The art of using a lipbrush is not hard to master and, applied this way, lipstick lasts longer and a more definite line can be achieved.

Besides setting your foundation it will also impart a dewy fresh look to your skin, emphasising that natural, bare-faced appearance.

And one last thing before dashing out for that special evening, don't forget a little perfume. It does wonders for your morale—making you feel frivolous and feminine. Try a light fresh scent, intended for the young. And there's no need to be wasteful when purchasing perfumes as long as you make use of the testers on the cosmetic counters. Dab a little on your wrist and wander round the store for half an hour, go and have a cup of coffee or finish your shopping. Still like it? Then buy it. And if you can't afford the perfume, try the perfume cologne version, or put the suggestion on your birthday or Christmas list.

Operation Deception

Spotted by THRUSH, April finds herself in a tight corner. Only one thing for it . . . disguise! Dark sunglasses, floppy brimmed hat, and change of dress by the simple addition of collar and cuffs. Phew! Narrow escape that!
You too, can fool your enemies *and* friends by jazzing up last year's plain dress: just add either of these smart crocheted collar and cuffs. Easy to remove for washing or even for alternating with a set of a different colour.

Abbreviations

Ch chain, dc double crochet, tr treble, ss slip stitch, sp space, gr group.

ROUND COLLAR AND CUFFS

TENSION FOR THIS SET IS
2 Patterns 2½ inches.
If Tension is too loose use a finer hook.
If Tension is too tight use a larger one.

MATERIALS

2 ozs. Sirdar Fontein Crepe Wool or
2 ozs. Sirdar Majestic Wool 4 ply.
3 Buttons.
1 No. 12 Crochet Hook.

CUFFS

(Both alike)
Make 42 ch

1st Row. 3dc working 1st dc into 2nd ch from hook, * 7ch, miss 3ch, 1dc into each next 5ch, repeat from * 3 times, 7ch, miss 3ch, 1dc into each next 3ch, 1ch, turn.
**

2nd Row. 1dc into each next 2dc, * 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into each next 3dc, repeat from * ending with 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into each next 2dc, 1ch, turn.

3rd Row. 1dc into 1st dc, * 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, 1dc into next dc, 1dc into next loop, 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next dc, repeat from * ending with 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

4th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, 4ch, * 1dc into loop, 1dc into each next 3dc, 1dc into next loop, 7ch, repeat from * ending with 1dc into loop, 4ch, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

5th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, * 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into each next 3dc, 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, repeat from * ending with 4ch, 1dc into ast dc, 1ch, turn.

6th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, 1dc into loop, * 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next dc, 4ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, 1dc into next dc, 1dc into next loop, repeat from * ending with 1dc into loop, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

7th Row. 1dc into each next 2dc, 1dc into loop, * 7ch, 1dc into next loop, 1dc into each next 3dc, 1dc into loop, repeat from * ending with 1dc into oop, 1dc into each last 2dc, 1ch, turn.
**

Repeat from the 2nd to the 7th row (inclusive) once.

Next Row. Work 1dc into each dc, 7dc into each loop Proceed in dc all round edges. Fasten off.

TO COMPLETE

Press carefully on wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron.

COLLAR

Make 103 ch.

1st Row. 3dc working 1st dc into 2nd ch from hook, * 5ch, miss 1ch, 1dc into each next 5ch, repeat from * 15 times, 5ch, 1dc into each next 3ch, 1ch, turn.

2nd Row. 1dc into each next 2dc, * 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into each next 3dc, miss 1dc, repeat from * ending with 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into each next 2dc, 1ch, turn.

3rd Row. 1dc into 1st dc, * 3ch, miss 1dc into loop, 1dc into next dc, 1dc into loop, 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next dc, miss 1dc, repeat from * ending with 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

4th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, 3ch, * 1dc into next loop, 1dc into each next 3dc, 1dc into next loop, 5ch, repeat from * ending with 1dc into last loop, 3ch, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

5th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, * 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into each next 3dc, 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, repeat from * ending with 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

6th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, 1dc into loop, * 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next dc, 3ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next loop, 1dc into next dc, 1dc into next loop, repeat from * ending with 3ch, 1dc into loop, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

7th Row. 1dc into each next 2dc, 1dc into loop, * 5ch, 1dc into next loop, 1dc into each next 3dc, 1dc into loop, repeat from * ending with 5ch, 1dc into loop, 1dc into each last 2dc, 1ch, turn.

Repeat from ** to ** as given for Cuffs once.

14th Row. 1dc into each next 2dc, * 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, 5ch, miss 1dc into each next 3dc, miss 1dc, repeat from * ending with 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into each next 2dc, 1ch, turn.

15th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, * 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, 1dc into next dc, 1dc into loop, 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next dc, miss 1dc, repeat from * ending with 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

16th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, 5ch, * 1dc into next loop, 1dc into each next 3dc,

1dc into next loop, 9ch, repeat from * ending with 1dc into last loop, 5ch, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

17th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, * 5ch, miss 1 dc into each next 3dc, 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into loop, repeat from * ending with 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

18th Row. 1dc into 1st dc, 1dc into loop, * 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next dc, 5ch, miss 1dc, 1dc into next loop, 1dc into next dc, 1dc into next loop, repeat from * ending with 5ch, 1dc into loop, 1dc into last dc, 1ch, turn.

19th Row. 1dc into each next 2dc, 1dc into loop, * 9ch, 1dc into next loop, 1dc into each next 3dc, 1dc into loop, repeat from * ending with 9ch, 1dc into loop, 1dc into each last 2dc, 1ch, turn.

20th Row. Work 1dc into each dc, 9dc into each loop to end of row. Proceed in dc all round edges. Fasten off.

With right side facing, work 3 button loops at top of left side edge as shown in illustration.

TO COMPLETE

Complete as given for Cuffs. Sew on buttons to correspond with button loops.

COLLAR WITH REVERS AND CUFFS

TENSION FOR THIS SET IS

3 patterns = 2¼ inches.

MATERIALS

2 oz. Sirdar Fontein Crepe Wool, or
2 oz. Sirdar Majestic Wool 4 ply.
1 No. 12 Crochet Hook.

CUFFS

(Both alike)
Make 55 ch.

1st Row. 3tr working 1st tr into 4th ch from hook, * 3ch, miss 3ch, 1tr into each next 4ch, repeat from * to end, turn.

2nd Row. Ss to 1st sp, 3ch, 2tr 3ch 3tr all into 1st sp, (3tr 3ch 3tr) into every following sp to end, turn.

3rd Row. Ss to sp in 1st gr, 3ch, 3tr into 1st sp, * 3ch, 4tr into next sp, repeat from * to end, turn.
Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows once then the 2nd row once Fasten off.
Work 2 rows dc along sleeve edge.

TO COMPLETE

Press carefully on wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron.

COLLAR

(Main part)
Make 125 ch

Work the first 3 rows as given for Cuffs, the 2nd and 3rd rows twice then the 2nd row once. Fasten off.

REVERS

(Both alike)
Make 41 ch.

Work the first 3 rows as given for Cuffs then the 2nd and 3rd rows twice.

8th Row. Ss to 1st sp, 3ch, 2tr 3ch 3tr all into 1st sp, 3tr 3ch 3tr all into next sp, turn.

9th Row. Ss to sp in 1st gr, 3ch, 3tr into 1st sp, 3ch, 4tr into next sp, turn.

10th Row. Ss to sp, 3ch, 2tr 3ch 3tr into same sp. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Place revers over ends of collar for approximately 2¼ inches (matching patterns) and sew in position as shown in illustration.

Work 2 rows dc along neck edge of collar and revers.
Press carefully on wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron.

Act I

The red Thunderball Convertible hummed like an angry wasp along the Boulevard Marina. April Dancer crouched lower in the passenger seat and glanced at Mark He was smiling slightly as he sat behind the wheel, relaxed but watchful.

The THRUSH car they were chasing was keeping its distance a quarter-mile ahead. It was a big, supercharged Lancia, and both the UNCLE operators knew they had little hope of overhauling it.

In the grey light of an Italian dawn the boulevard was deserted.

April glimpsed a traffic sign, and moved closer to Mark. "For your information, we're exceeding the speed limit by about thirty kilometres an hour," she murmured

Mark flashed his lopsided grin. Then his lips tightened as he saw twin red lights winking ahead. He knew it was the rear lights of the Lancia as it braked

"Get the gun, April!" he snapped

She snatched the UNCLE gun from a wallet beside her She began

to assemble it, fitting together the two-piece barrels that incorporated a two-stage silencer and flash arrester

"Don't shoot yet!" warned Mark "It's too risky at this distance . . . We've got to make sure—in case they've got Professor Gulian. Hold on . . . I'm going to give her all she's got!"

He pressed the accelerator pedal to the floorboard. The red convertible streaked in pursuit of the other car

As they began to overhaul the Lancia, April leaned out of the car. The sea air whipped locks of shining hair from under her headscarf

She squinted along the sights of the gun. The other car was no easy target. The THRUSH driver knew his danger, and was weaving madly

Blam! There was a spurt of flame from the rear window of the Lancia Bullets hammered the red convertible. A gaping hole appeared in the door at April's elbow.

She ducked, and glanced wryly at Mark. "Okay to try a shot now, Cap'n?" she asked.

But her companion was staring ahead. "Look!" he rapped.

April raised her head. She was just in time to see a white bundle hurtle from the door of the car ahead It shot over the low marble balustrade below which the Adriatic tide heaved. The bundle hit the water and began to sink

Mark put his foot on the brake The two agents were jerked forward violently against their safety-belts as the convertible screeched to a halt.

They unclipped their belts and dived out of the car. As they ran towards the balustrade, Mark was slipping off his shirt

"You think it's Gulian?" asked April

"We'll soon see!" he said, kicking off his shoes. A leap took him to the top of the polished marble, and he dived neatly into the sea and vanished

April glanced round The Lancia had vanished.

She stared in puzzlement Visibility was good, for already the hot sun was casting its first fiery shaft over the rim of the sea. But April knew there was no way of turning off the boulevard for the next five miles . . . So where had the THRUSH car vanished?

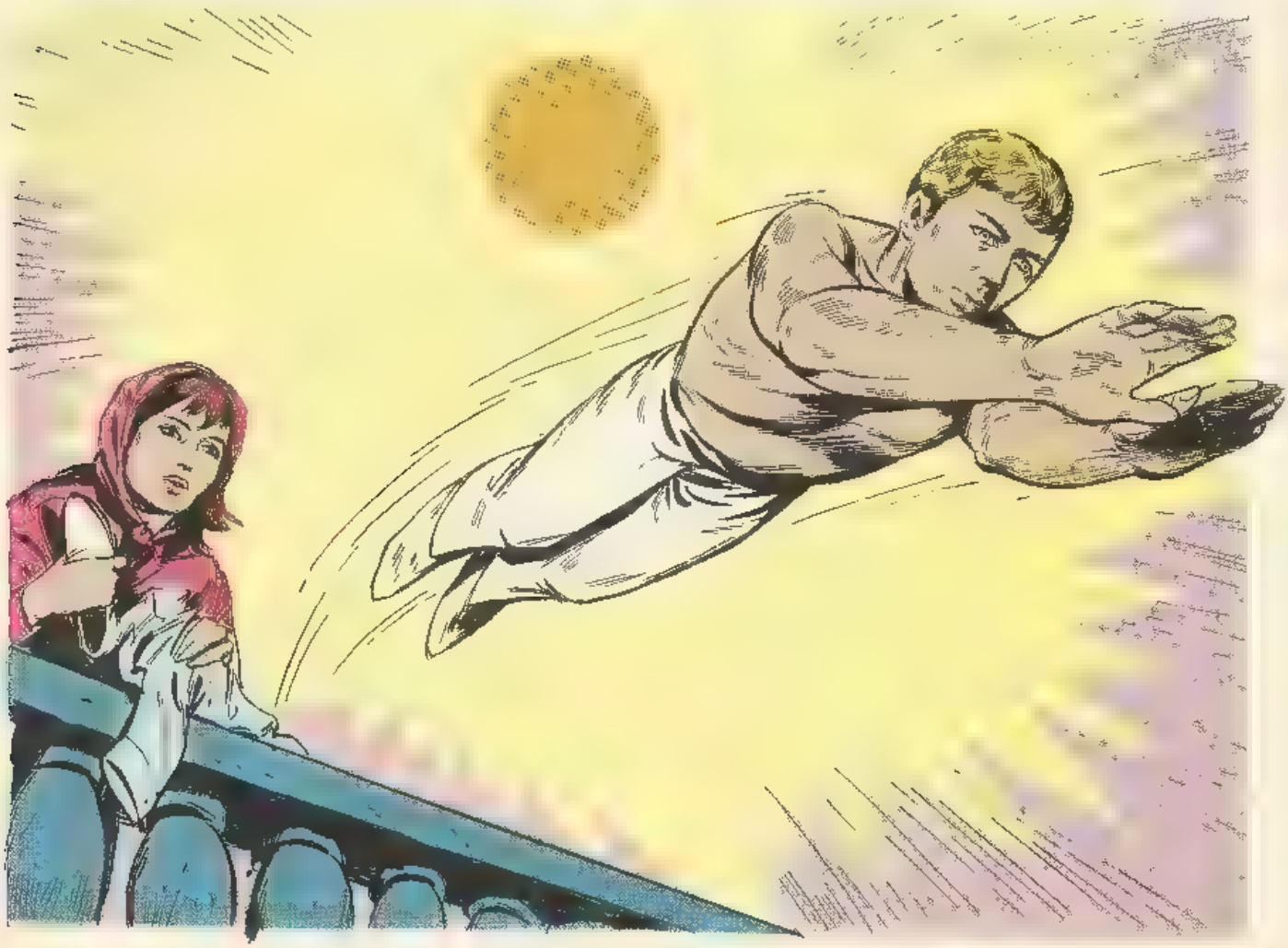
A spluttering sound drew her attention back to the sea.

Mark was standing up, chest-deep in the water. He held his head to one side to allow the water to run from his ears

"I didn't realise it was so shallow," he grunted.

"What about the sack?" asked April. "Did you find it?"

He made no reply until he had hoisted himself on to the balustrade. As she handed him his shirt and shoes, he said: "Must be a joker in charge of this THRUSH operation. That sack is stuffed with newspapers, and weighed down with a wheel-jack!"



April looked thoughtful "They must have wanted to delay us long enough to give them time to escape by boat," she said.

Mark stopped buttoning his shirt. "By *boat*?" His eyebrows formed a question-mark.

She explained about the disappearance of the Lancia.

"Come on!" he said, jumping from the balustrade. "This needs looking into "

They drove on. Sand and seagrass stretched on one side of the highway, sea on the other. But the fine polished balustrade ended, and there were concrete slipways.

April spotted a motor-cyclist approaching. "Ease down on your speed, Mark," she warned. "I think it's a cop!"

She proved to be correct. Mark eased the car to a stop and leaned out with his hand raised. The patrolman was young and handsome. His eyes flashed compliments when he saw April's pretty face smiling at him.

"*Scusate!*" began Mark. "*Parlate Inglese?*"

The carabineer touched his helmet courteously. "*Si, signor,*" he said. "I can help you, please?"

"Possibly," said Mark. "We were following a blue Lancia—it must have passed you by . "

But the policeman shrugged. "No, signor! I have come straight down the boulevard, and yours is the first car I have seen . . . You are sure the Lancia came this way?"

April opened her mouth to assure him, but Mark nudged her to silence. "I guess we must have made a mistake, officer," he said. "Thanks, anyway."

When the patrolman had ridden on, April said wryly: "We made a mistake, huh?"

Mark grinned absently. "I didn't want the police to get too interested in what we're doing," he said. Remember what Mr. Waverly said before we left New York?"

April sighed patiently. "Yes, yes, I remember! He said that this was a shot-in-the-dark mission," she recited in a monotone, and ticked off the points on her fingers. "He said that he'd had a report that THRUSH was taking an interest in the work of a freelance Italian scientist called Professor Gulian. He said that we were to find out why. And he said to do it without arousing any suspicions "

"Which means we can't approach the police or the authorities," added Mark

He was silent for a moment, staring at the concrete slipways. "That Lancia *must* have been taken off by boat," he mused. "And yet how could a boat big enough for that get close enough . . . It just isn't possible!"

"You mean it's too shallow?" said April

"Obviously!" Mark rubbed his long chin in frustration. "You saw me standing up in the water . . . And besides, the tide is going out."

April tried to stifle a yawn. "It's too early for brain-teasers!" she grumbled. "Can't we find a nice albergo, and get some coffee and rolls?"

Mark flashed her a sympathetic glance. "Okay!" he agreed. "But first we'd better check out Gulian's house, and see whether he really *was* in that Lancia with the THRUSH boys."

Act II

The professor's house was a low-roofed bungalow. They parked the car some distance away, and walked past the house. There was no sign of life there, or in the single-storey laboratory that adjoined it.

"Look!" whispered April. "The lab door it's ajar!"

Mark glanced up and down the road they were standing on. It was deserted. He made up his mind with a quick nod. "Let's go take a closer look," he said

One side of the garden was given up to a flourishing vinery, which provided the agents with cover. When they reached the laboratory, April

flattened herself against the wall while her partner stepped quietly through the open door

A moment later he hissed through the opening: "Okay! All clear!"

She went in. She found herself surrounded by benches crammed with scientific equipment. The flasks and retorts, with their piping and test-tubes meant little to April as she moved about in search of a clue.

"April! Come here!"

A low hiss from Mark took her quickly to the other end of the building. He was standing over a desk which had obviously been rifled. Papers filled with figures and equations were scattered across the surface and spilled on to the floor. Drawers had been broken open, pulled out and tipped upside down.

"At a guess I would say that the professor went along with THRUSH—but rather unwillingly," said Mark.

April leaned across the desk. A scribbling-pad was turned upside down in one corner. She picked it up. "Look at this, Mark," she said.

Someone had made a lightning sketch on the pad. It looked like a vehicle of some kind, with a well-rounded base and a stocky superstructure.

They stared at it for a moment. Then the answer came to them simultaneously. "A hovercraft," they said in one voice.

Mark snapped his fingers. "So *that's* how they vanished from the boulevard!" he said excitedly.

April gave a low whistle. "Of course! An amphibious craft like that could have been waiting in the sea right next to the road."

"Maybe Gulian saw THRUSH coming, and scribbled this sketch as a clue," he mused. "Come on! Let's go and ask a few questions among the fishermen . . . You don't keep a hovercraft in these parts without someone knowing about it!"

Act III

By the time they reached the small fishing port, the place was astir with lithe, swarthy-skinned men in blue jerseys, singing and shouting as they prepared their small boats.

The singing died down, and there were shouts of admiration for April as she appeared on the scene.

Mark grinned. "I think *you'd* better make the enquiry, gorgeous!" he said. "These Don Juans are falling over themselves to talk to you."

"Well, it's nice to be appreciated! Makes me feel more like a girl, and less like an UNCLE agent!" she smiled.

She walked towards the fishermen. They flocked round her. Soon she reappeared, waving good bye and kissing her hand.

"*Chow, Bella!*" they shouted. "*Chow!*"

Mark was waiting for her at the car. "Any luck?"

She nodded. "The hovercraft belongs to Count Rosanna. It seems that he's a bit of a mystery man—a kind of wealthy eccentric. And he lives on an island about a mile off shore—only it's not safe to go near, the fishermen say."

"Why not?" asked Mark.

She drew the tip of her forefinger across her throat from ear to ear. "The Count doesn't favour visitors. His island is patrolled by men with guns!"

"I'll bet it is!" said Mark grimly. "And THRUSH guns, too!"

"What do we do about it then?" she wondered. "Wait till night, and try to sneak out there?"

Mark shook his head. "Can't wait that long," he muttered. He glanced towards the fishermen. A gleam came into his eye. "Hey! Go and turn on the charm again, gorgeous!" he urged. "Tell them we want to hire a small boat. I'll get the scuba diving equipment out of the car."

Act IV

The hot sun beat down on the naked shoulders of the two agents as they crouched low in the small outboard motor-boat they had chartered. Mark was tugging on his scuba gear. April was already in hers. Now she was peering at the low hump of the island through powerful glasses.

"The fishermen were right about armed guards," she said, handing the glasses to Mark.

He focused them, and the low, tree-fringed cliffs sprang into view. He moved his head until he caught the glint of the sun on rifle barrels. There were two men climbing a camouflaged Landrover.

"Hm! THRUSH types if ever I saw 'em!" he commented. "Let's get going!"

They adjusted each other's air tanks before plunging into the clear water. Side by side they swam below the surface. A giant black ray rippled away ahead of them, and shoals of fish fled.

They crawled ashore in the lee of the cliffs. They found a handy screen of bushes where they could slip into the cat-suits they had brought in plastic containers. Last of all they checked their guns.

Mark led the way to the top of the cliffs. There was a motor track leading into the interior. The agents took to the undergrowth and followed a route roughly parallel to it.

Suddenly they heard voices. The agents froze. Two men in battle-grey uniforms were manning a machine-gun post on the road. April wondered why—until Mark nudged her and pointed ahead. Then she saw the gleam of an electric fence. The only way through was the gap guarded by the machine-gun.

April put her mouth to her companion's ear and whispered. He nodded and moved away. April felt around for a dry branch. A moment later she broke it with a loud crack.

The guards snapped into action. One jumped to the machine-gun. The other picked up his rifle and edged into the undergrowth. He was walking directly towards April.

When she stood up in front of him, he recoiled in shock. She swung at him with a perfectly timed karate blow. The guard crumpled.

At the same moment Mark leaped on to the other man from behind. His finger was crooked on the trigger of the machine-gun. Mark dragged him off.

But the man was powerful and agile. He twisted out of Mark's throttle grip and caught the agent with a right hook. Mark reeled back. The THRUSH man came after him. Mark ducked under his karate blow, caught him with a hip-throw, and saw him sail towards the fence.

As he hit the wire there was a flash of light. The man crumpled with a thin, saw-edged sound

April was already through the gap, bent low and running fast. Mark followed

There was a gleam of white among the green. In another moment the two agents were looking at the palatial villa of Count Rosanna

It was a two-storey building with an ornate upper veranda. Mark motioned to the girl that he would climb one of the pillars while she tried her luck on the ground floor.

Mark hauled himself over the balcony and crouched low. He looked down. April had vanished Then through a gap in a hedge of well-clipped box-trees he spotted the hovercraft. It rested on a concrete runway that led down into the sea

He turned his attention to the french windows that opened on to the veranda Through the glass he glimpsed thick carpet, antique furniture and book-lined walls

Very gently the agent eased the door open. He stepped inside quickly The room was empty. He moved silently to the double doors at the other end of the big room

Suddenly the telephone on the table buzzed urgently

Mark froze. His brain was whirling He saw that the phone was an intercom system. On a sudden impulse he picked it up, and muttered in Italian "*Pronto!*"

An excited voice chattered into his ear. "Good news, Count. We have forced Gulian to talk He admits that his secret is a powerful new explosive device. It will make safe-cracking jobs as simple as child's play! THRUSH Central will be pleased, eh?"

"*Si!*" said Mark

The voice chattered on. "We are taking him to the laboratory to write out the details of his new device . . You will join us there, Count?"

"*Si!*" said Mark again. He put the phone down. He grinned at his own luck, then took out his gun. He flattened himself against one side of the double doors, then eased the other side open

A guard with a THRUSH rifle

was passing on patrol down the corridor. Mark took two steps after him, and hit him with the butt of his gun. Then he snatched up the rifle and went on down the corridor

At the end of the passage was a door marked "Laboratory" Mark went quietly inside

Four men were there, but none of them heard Mark enter, for two were gabbling in tones of obvious satisfaction. They were well-dressed THRUSH agents, and they were talking over the head of a man sitting at a table, writing with a hand that trembled The fourth man was an armed guard in grey uniform.

Mark dug the rifle into the guard's back. "Drop the gun!" he rapped

The startled man obeyed. Mark stepped aside. He snatched up the gun. "Over against the wall—*subito!*" he ordered

They moved unwillingly Professor Gulian had half risen from the table, a look of hope in his eyes as he stared at Mark

"Okay, Professor! You haven't given them the details yet?" asked Mark, noticing the blood and bruises on the scientist's face.

"No they—they were making me write the details now," gasped Gulian

"Put the paper in your pocket and let's go," said Mark.

"I think not!" said a voice in his ear. At the same moment he felt the hard nudge of a gun in his back. "Drop your arms, *signor*!"

Mark obeyed He saw a look of dismay cloud Gulian's face, and heard him mutter, "Count Rosanna!"

Mark was pushed forward into the laboratory, and the two THRUSH agents grabbed him. Now he could see that he had been outwitted by a distinguished-looking Italian nobleman holding a neat little Biretta pistol.

"I fancy this man has been sent by our very inquisitive friends in the UNCLE organisation," mused the Count. "Is that right?"

Mark did not reply. He was bunching his muscles for a burst of action as he spotted the door behind the Count move slightly

As he hurled himself forward, he yelled: "Get down, Professor!"

The THRUSH agents dived after him. But at the same moment April exploded through the doors. She had the UNCLE gun at her slender hip The silencer hiccupped as she sprayed the room with sudden death.

A moment later she and Mark were racing down the corridor, dragging the scientist with them. They reached the main doors downstairs safely, but on the steps April gasped: "What now, Mark? We've no scuba gear for Gulian!"

He jerked a thumb towards the box-trees. "The hovercraft -it's parked over there! Anyone know how to drive one?"

To their surprise, the professor answered: "*Si!* I know! I have worked on the development of hovercraft for my government!"

They raced for the gap in the hedge There was a guard on the cushion craft, but he was lounging in the sun and smoking. April shot the rifle from his hands, and left him groaning.

A few moments later they were seaborne, flitting over the waves on a cushion of air.

April relaxed, enjoying her first hovercraft trip. "I feel just like a bird!" she gushed

To which Mark quipped: "But not, I trust, like a thrush!"

GIRLS ARE TWO-FACED

Fashion is fickle and it is hard to tell just where our hemlines will be tomorrow, but at present we are incredibly fortunate. Fashion trends have no really strict ties—except perhaps at the waistline and we have the marvellous opportunity to be able to choose what suits us personally.

Whether we wear trousers and tunics, minis, maxis or knee-length skirts it would seem that we are still in touch with the pages of the glossies. Take advantage of this sudden laxity—change your daily mood and have fun experimenting with styles. Be baby-doll one day, city sophisticate the next; demurely Victorian one night and brazenly twentieth century the next!

B[illegible] 5271 Price [illegible] UK 5s [illegible] Available in Misses sizes 8-14 A [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] 5201 Price [illegible] UK 5s 0d Available in Misses sizes 8–16 A young [illegible] formal evening dress for that special occasion. The frills of the stand-up collar are repeated down either side of the mock tab front of the bodice and [illegible] the waistline. The fashion[illegible] sleeves are caught in [illegible] the wrist into [illegible] cuffs. Pattern also includes a street length version [illegible] the frills and with short [illegible] a smart day dress.

Today, perhaps more than ever before, fashion is intended to be enjoyed by the young. There is one factor which is common to all the different styles and modes of dress designed for the young. They are all flavoured with the essence of fun.

At the same time there has evolved a tendency towards the practical for day wear. With the emancipation of women, the fairer sex lead two lives: one at work, whether it be school, college or office, the other at home—where some say we should remain—performing a truly feminine role.

In the past there has been a compromise in women's fashion—sweaters and skirts, suits and dresses also living a double life at work and play.

Suddenly appeared the trouser suit—a breakthrough and controversial attire for women. It was, of course, successful with the ladies, as it satisfied a need for more suitable wear in our everyday lives and it also replaced the stretch ski-trousers and anorak, which had hitherto been the outfit for country and casual wear.

The wheels had been set in motion. But this particular style was met with some disapproval; it was considered unsuitable for office and college hours and was literally rejected by some hotels and restaurants. The majority of women also came to feel too 'butch' in these replicas of the city suits worn by their opposite numbers. "Help!" someone cried, as we slowly merged into one sex. "I'm losing my identity as a woman!"

At the same time the mini-skirt was being taken to all corners of the British Isles. Although in keeping with the modern idiom of youth today, striding energetically to the bus stop as through life, this short length was somewhat impractical for stepping up into the bus and putting parcels on the rack! And not every girl was blessed with legs which could afford to be so revealed!

DUAL PURPOSE OUTFIT

A happy medium of femininity and practicality was reached when, last autumn, Paris launched the tunic and trousers—a more female version of the trouser suit, which combined both trousers and a mini-dress. The trousers were the perfect foil for travelling in cold weather and high stepping antics and were designed to be easily removed for college or office where skirts were obligatory.

But girls are still girls after all and, in contrast to this useful versatility, the romantic, ultra-feminine look for evening began to regain popularity.

Thus were created two fashions, the two faces of which were together suitable for a woman's double role in life.

The trends have now been picked up by the British ready-to-wear designers, and this season's clothes should see the same happy co-existence.

The lines for daytime will be sleek and emphasise the line of the body, the strong accent being on the cinched-in waistline. Although

narrow, with longer fitting jackets, clothes will be far from constricting, with a profusion of pleated skirts in diverse forms and soft gathers reminiscent of the dirndl.

The defined waistline will, as last year, be sometimes accentuated with belts, taking the form of bold cummerbunds, jingling chains or plain leathers in numerous widths. Length, although tending to remain above the knee, will continue to drop in varying degrees to ankle-skimming maxis, especially for cold wintry days.

SHOES TO MATCH

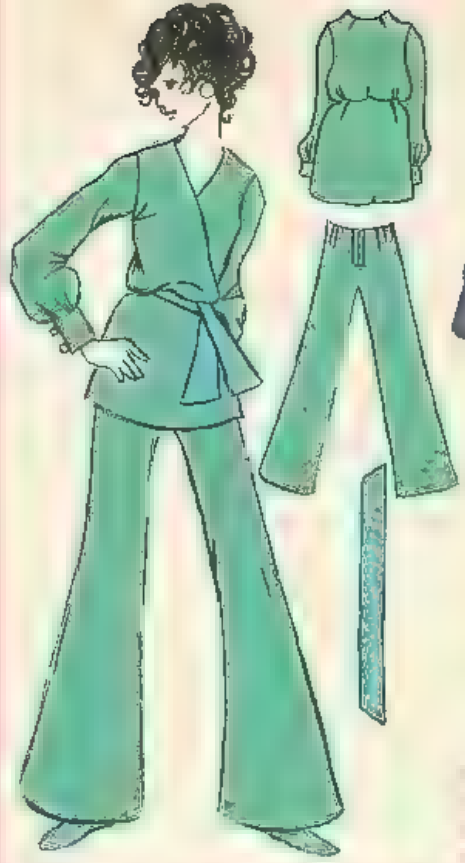
Each length, naturally, should dictate its own footwear, the general rule being that the shorter the skirt the lower should be the heel. Accessories have been revolutionised during the past few years and form as important a part of the general effect as the dress itself. No longer does one's shoe wardrobe consist only of brown, black and navy. A myriad of colours are available, although the dazzling pinks and lime greens of previous years have given way to more subtle and muted shades.

With the shorter skirts, legs have come more and more into focus and consequently stockings have become more varied in both colour and texture. An assorted collection can be accumulated comparatively cheaply, and different stockings are a simple and effective way of changing the appearance of an outfit.

Not only shoes and stockings but scarf, gloves, handbag and jewellery should all complement and co-ordinate with the outfit.

Layered dressing, carrying on from last year, will perhaps be the strongest feature of day dressing with tunics, doubling as mini dresses, worn over wide or cigarette trousers, waistcoats or cardigan jackets of any length and worn over separates and dresses.

Pinafores come into the category of layered dressing too, and have at last lost that schoolroom association, their terrific versatility being recognised. Particularly attractive in rough tweed worn over a contrastingly textured silky blouse, they are also made up in smooth flannels and jersey materials. With toning sweaters and blouses, worn over jersey dresses or as a long waistcoat over trousers or even over all-in-one tights and sweater-knitted catsuit, one pinafore makes a thousand and one different



outfits, a boon for any poverty stricken, fashion conscious young lady.

They also cover a multitude of sins, such as that favourite blouse with the stubborn stain which had to be pushed to the back of the drawer. As long as the neck and sleeves are fit to be seen —who's to know!

Another style of dress which may well be seen at all hours of the day is the loosely belted shirt dress.

Sleeves have come back with a bang and will undoubtedly be featured in the new designs. Best of the bunch are wide floppy bishop, or leg o' mutton sleeves caught in tightly into deep cuffs. Marvellous for making one feel dreamy, drifty and feminine.

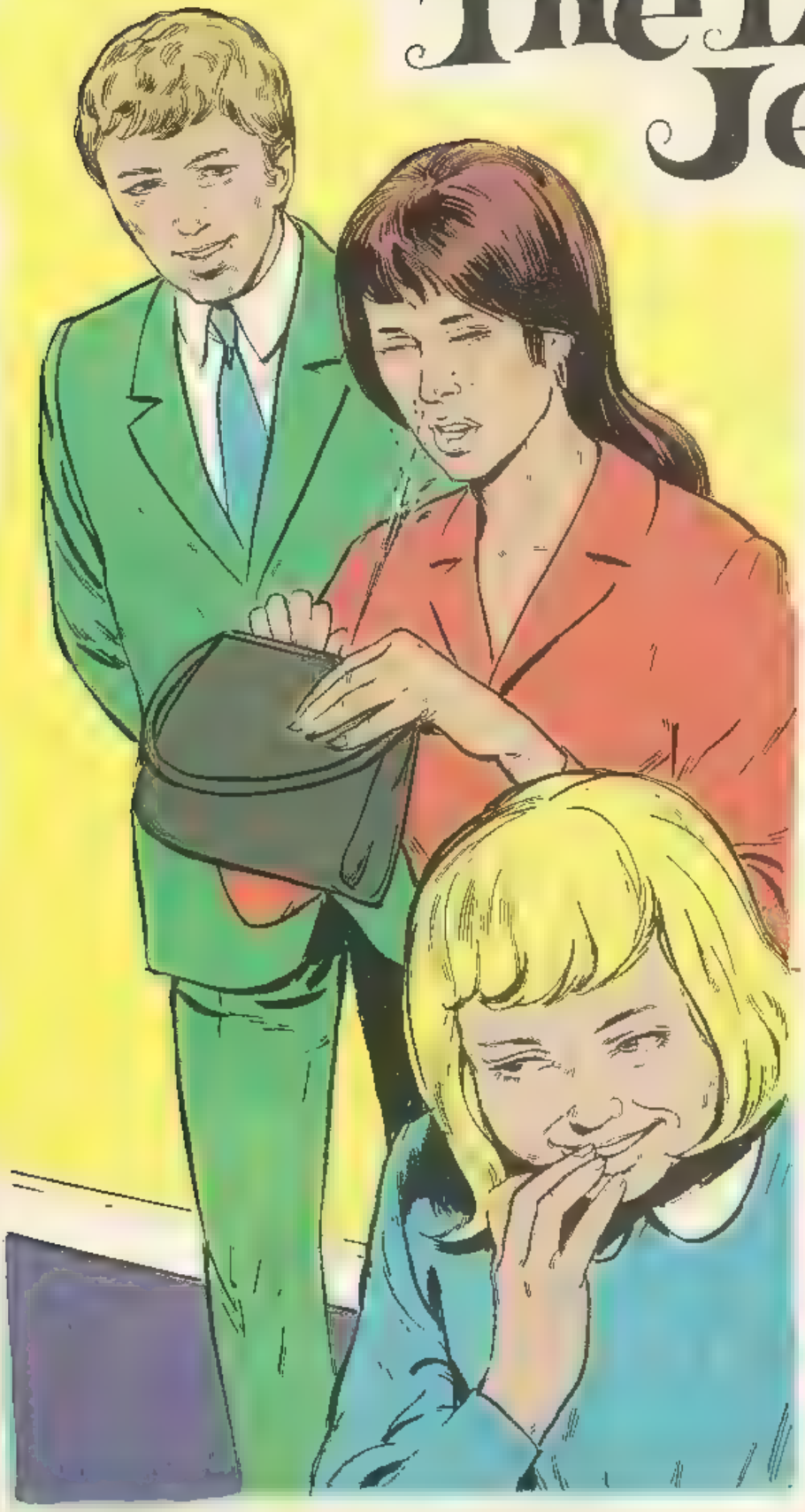
Trousers are the greatest breakthrough in women's wear and have definitely discarded the 'butch' look of the trouser suit borrowed from our male counterparts. They are distinctly feminine in cut and fabric yet still retain their practicality. For day they take the form of sleek pencil trousers with matching jackets reaching to the knee and doubling as coats, or wide pants topped by tunics long enough to double as mini dresses. These longer tops are blessings in disguise for those girls with wide hips who were formerly unable to wear trousers.

AFTER DARK

For evening, the trouser theme is still very much in evidence either in the form of full-sleeved tunics over floppy, belled pants or silky pyjama culotte suits. Dreamy evening dresses continue the romantic look of 1968 with trimmings of every kind and feminine sleeves and skirts. In contrast to the feathery chiffons, drapey crêpes and supple silks, and all their man-made cousins, there will be some clingy jerseys in body-skimming styles.

It certainly looks as though the old maxim 'dress to suit the occasion' has proved its validity to the designers, who are cashing in on the double role of women today and giving us the best of both worlds.

The Little Jester



Act I

"I didn't think I'd joined UNCLE to play nursemaid," April Dancer said huffily to her boss, Alexander Waverly.

"My dear Miss Dancer," he replied, "all I ask is that you take care of an eight-year-old girl for a few hours, while her parents attend a ball in their honour. Our government demands that these important foreign visitors be kept happy!"

"I suppose THRUSH will be after her?" April asked acidly.

"I'm sure THRUSH wouldn't dream of kidnapping such a sweet child as Elaine, but just in case, I've put Mark Slate on the assignment with you. Have her back here tomorrow at noon."

Waverly pressed a buzzer on his desk and seconds later Mark Slate entered the room with a child clinging to his hand. In her other hand she clutched a grey handbag. Her fair skin and blonde hair gave her an almost angelic appearance.

April's doubts melted instantly. "Hello, Elaine. My name's April. I'm to take care of you tonight. Let's go to my flat and have tea!"

The child smiled sweetly and nodded her head.

Waverly looked most agreeable. "How nice. I can see you're going to be great friends."

Act II

During the short journey to the flat Elaine never uttered a word, but smiled at both UNCLE agents in such a way that they exchanged glances heavy with suspicion.

April showed their visitor her room and said, "Tea will be ready in ten minutes."

As she closed the door behind her and began to prepare tea, Mark said, "What do you make of her? Far too sweet for my liking."

The words had hardly died in his throat when a shrill scream split the air. Instantly he and April raced back to the door and burst through into the bedroom

Elaine was sitting calmly on the bed. "Look, this is my trick screaming balloon," she said innocently.

April almost snorted with indignation. "Come and get your tea and save your practical jokes until the right moment. '

Elaine came in to tea still holding tightly on to her handbag. "Would you like a peek into this?" she asked coyly. "My uncle gave it to me "

April decided to call a truce and took the bag and opened it. Instantly a jet of ink hit her in the face and sprayed over her white suit.

"You little imp," she gasped, as she tried to wipe the mess away

Mark roared with laughter until the tears ran down his cheeks

Elaine removed the bag from April's hand and withdrew a white handkerchief

"Here you are, Mr. Slate. Wipe your face."

Mark took it and dried his eyes. The moment the handkerchief became moist it turned black and left streaks of grime across his cheeks. It was April's turn to burst into laughter.

They were interrupted by a rap on the door. When Mark opened it a postman stood there holding a parcel.

"This April Dancer's flat?" he drawled

Mark nodded

The postman's shifty eyes slid around the room and came to rest on Elaine

"Her name Elaine?" he demanded

"Yes What's it to you?" Mark challenged.

"I'd heard the kid was a bit of a practical joker. By the look of you two, it's true. I'm a bit of a joker myself. How about this?"

With lightning swiftness he flung the parcel into the centre of the room. Instantly the air became filled with thick white vapour. The choking fumes immediately overcame April and Elaine, who slid to the floor without a sound

Mark lunged at the culprit but

dropped as if pole-axed, as a dart from a blow-pipe the man was holding to his lips thudded into his cheek

Act III

The Girl from UNCLE slowly opened her eyes. She saw at a glance that Elaine was missing She heard a movement in the kitchen and Mark staggered to the door. He was mopping his face with a towel.

"Sorry, he got me too. That dart was tipped with a rare African drug Talk about instant knockout I went out like a light." He helped April to her feet. "He was a THRUSH agent, of course Heaven knows what state secrets they'll demand from the kid's parents as ransom."

"Then we'll go after her," said April determinedly.

"But where shall we look?" Mark questioned

"It's obvious," April replied. "You said that dart was tipped with a rare drug. Well, Jungle Joe is in town, and who knows more about drugs than Joe? I saw him yesterday with two of his pals. Out of curiosity I followed them to their hang-out. I thought that postman looked vaguely familiar."

"I see. They sell the kid to THRUSH, who blackmails the parents, who will do anything to get their child back unharmed," Mark growled.

April nodded. "Let's get cleaned up and go "

Act IV

The two UNCLE agents crouched low beneath the lighted window of Jungle Joe's house. April shivered slightly as the cold night mist rose in ghost-like patches from the damp grass. An owl hooted eerily, and a chill wind blew across the common

"Trust Joe to pick an isolated spot like this," April grumbled. She peeked through a chink in the curtains. "She's in there," she whispered. "The poor kid looks half asleep."

"Or planning her get-away," Mark quipped

"Quit the humour," April snapped "I've thought of something beautifully simple. These crooks are obviously waiting for THRUSH. All we have to do is ring the bell. When they open the door we'll give them a taste of their own medicine "

Mark readily agreed and they quietly made their way to the front of the house.

"Here goes," said April as she pressed the bell.

The door opened and the welcoming smile froze upon the face of the bogus postman when he saw the unexpected visitors.

"Quiet!" April hissed, pressing a gun into the man's ribs. "I'm a bit of a joker too. One wrong move from you, and your pals will be able to see through you in more ways than one."

"Move!" Mark ordered. "Straight to the room where the kid is."

The face of Jungle Joe and his partner wore an expression of astonishment as the trio entered the room

"How did you know where to find me?" Joe snarled

"That's my affair," April flashed "You, Elaine, come over here. We're taking you away from here."

The girl scuttled to her side as Mark removed the weapons from the gang and opening a window flung them into some bushes. The blow-pipe he broke into small pieces.

"Right, let's get out of here," he said All three dashed from the room. Elaine holding tightly on to April with one hand, and clutching her bag with the other.

They were half-way down the drive when the headlights of a large American car turned night into day. The vehicle screeched to a halt and the whine of a bullet rent the air and a voice called out, "Make one false move, UNCLE agents, and the kid stops the next one."

"It's THRUSH," April breathed. "In this light we make perfect targets. We'd better do as he says."

In Egypt, in the time of the Pharaohs, women first used eye make-up, not because they thought it enhanced their beauty but because they believed that it had certain magical powers.

Act V

The two UNCLE agents were sitting most uncomfortably on hard wooden chairs with hands and feet securely tied. The THRUSH agent was in deep conversation with Jungle Joe and his buddies.

Elaine watched them all closely with undisguised interest, showing not the slightest trace of fear.

"That kid's mind is ticking over like a bomb," Mark whispered. "Anything is liable to happen."

The THRUSH agent, whom Joe addressed as Larry, suddenly went over to Elaine and asked cajolingly, "Is there any special thing in your bag, honey, that I can send your daddy to let him know you're staying with us?"

Elaine's eyes twinkled. "Oh, yes! I have a special rabbit's foot. Look what a lovely green it is." She handed it to Larry.

"Nice kid," he purred, stroking her hair. "It's a pity I'll have to kill you if your Pa don't play ball." He returned to the group and the rabbit's foot was passed around from hand to hand. April noticed vaguely that they all seemed to be scratching themselves.

Suddenly Larry shot into the air and yelled, "Gee whiz, I feel as if I'm on fire, I itch so." He dropped the rabbit's foot to the floor.

Seconds later the whole of the gang were leaping around the room, scratching themselves madly, everything else forgotten.

"Was there something on the rabbit's foot?" Mark called to Elaine.

She smiled sweetly. "Of course."

April gazed at her in open admiration. "What a kid," she murmured. "Come here, Elaine. In my pocket is a comb. The teeth are really blades. Take it out and cut me free."

Despite her tender years the girl did exactly as she was told and, in seconds, April's bonds were severed.

"Hey, they're getting away!" Jungle Joe yelled, still dancing around the floor in itchy agony.

Scratching fiercely with one hand Larry pulled out his gun and fired. The bullet went wide and the girl from UNCLE dropped to the floor, pulling Elaine with her.

"Get under the table, Elaine, and stay there," she ordered, at the same time pulling a miniature pistol from a concealed pocket under her armpit. She took aim and fired. Larry fell to the floor with a satisfying thud as a tiny steel ball struck him on the temple.

"At least he's stopped scratching," Mark grinned. "Now get me free."

As April cut the cords that bound his ankles Jungle Joe gave a scream of rage as he saw his prisoners escaping. He stopped scratching long enough to grab April by the shoulders and fling her to the floor. She reached for the unconscious Larry's gun which had dropped nearby, as her own weapon held only one shot.

But Joe stamped on her fingers and she grimaced with pain. He then grabbed the gun and screamed: "I'll kill you for this."

"Naughty, naughty," Mark admonished. "That's no way to treat a lady."

Still tied to the chair with his hands he sprang at Joe with amazing agility, planting a perfect drop kick on the gun, which flew out of his hand across the room. It struck the head of one of his gang. He too slid to the floor with a satisfying thump.

April had barely cut Mark's bonds when the itching began to wear off the other men.

"Let's get them," Joe rasped.

April and Mark smiled coolly as the crooks advanced. UNCLE agents were tops in karate and quickly proved it. Minutes later the whole gang were sleeping peacefully.

"You can come out now, kid," April called.

Elaine crawled from under the table and retrieved her rabbit's foot, which she returned to her handbag.

"We'll stay the night at a hotel," April said, "just in case THRUSH tries again. He won't know where to find us then. Maybe you can tell us the secret of your rabbit's foot then, Elaine?"

The girl shook her head stubbornly. Her eyes quickly began to gleam. "I suppose the hotel will supply us with night clothes?" she asked.

April nodded. "Why, honey?"

"Well, I was thinking I have some toothpaste you two can borrow."

The UNCLE agents simultaneously said, "No, thanks!"

"It will probably glue our jaws together," added Mark.

As they left Joe's house, Elaine looked most disappointed.

Act VI

It was spot on noon when the trio arrived at Waverly's office. He was seated at his desk.

"Ah, back safe and sound," he beamed. "The parents will be here shortly. They had a wonderful time at the ball and our government is well pleased with the progress they have made with the child's father. He can be of great help to our defence programme." His tone became businesslike.

"I suppose THRUSH made a try for her?"

"Yes, but an unsuccessful one, due to the help this young lady gave us," Mark said.

Waverly raised his eyebrows. "Surely trained UNCLE agents like yourselves don't have to rely on a small child for help?"

"But this child is no ordinary one," said April feelingly. "I advise you, sir, to get her booked up now as an UNCLE agent. She's first-rate material."

Waverly looked unimpressed.

April winked at Elaine. "Show him the rabbit's foot, honey."

The girl opened her bag and handed the rabbit's foot to Waverly.

"Very nice," he said. "But what's so special about it?" Instantly he began to scratch, then he leapt to his feet like a man prodded with a pitch fork. "What's wrong with me?" he yelped. "Never mind, tell me later." Dropping the rabbit's foot to the floor he fled from the room.

The three culprits were still laughing when Elaine's parents entered the room.

Mark and April had the satisfaction of a job well done when they saw the bond of affection that lay between the family. Elaine's father asked what the cause of the merriment was, but upon spying the rabbit's foot on the floor he crooked a warning finger at his daughter. "You've been up to your tricks again, young lady," he accused.

"Yes, Papa," she giggled. "Pick it up for me, please."

"You don't catch me like that," he chuckled. Taking Elaine's bag from her hand he said, "Would you like to know, Miss Dancer, why the rabbit's foot has that awful itching effect upon everyone who touches it and yet my daughter remains immune?"

"I can't wait," April breathed.

"Me neither," Mark enthused.

"Well, when Elaine opens her bag the clasp releases a fine spray of liquid on to her hands. It acts as a deterrent to the itching agent on the rabbit's foot. Her bag is full of similar tricks. My brother owns his own factory back home which manufactures jokes of all types. Elaine is his best customer! As a matter of fact in my country she is already known as 'The Little Jester'."

"By the way, where is Mr. Waverly?" Elaine's mother asked.

"He left," April giggled. "He wasn't feeling up to scratch."

"In fact, you might say he was itching to go," Mark added dryly.

CHEESE OMELETTE
Serves 1
(Contains Vitamins A, B, D)

½ oz. butter
2 eggs
1 tablespoon water
salt and pepper
2 ozs. cheese, grated

Put a six-inch omelette or frying pan on a low heat to get hot. Lightly beat eggs, water and seasoning together. Gently stir in the grated cheese. Melt the butter in the pan and turn up heat to high. When the butter is sizzling and just before it turns brown, pour in the omelette mixture. Use a fork or palette knife to draw cooked egg from sides to middle of pan. Repeat until all liquid egg is cooked. When the top is still slightly runny, fold over one third of omelette away from handle of pan. Remove from heat and to turn on to a warm plate, hold handle of pan, palm uppermost, shake omelette to edge of pan and tip pan completely over, so making another fold.
Serve immediately.

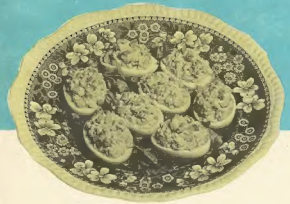
KEBABS
Serves 4
(Contains Vitamins A, B, C, D)

¾ lb. rump steak (½ inch thick)
1 small green pepper, blanched
2 tomatoes
2½ ozs. butter, melted

Ingredients for marinade:
1 tablespoon tomato ketchup
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
1 small onion, finely chopped
pinch of marjoram
½ level teaspoon salt

Cut steak into 16 cubes. Mix together the ingredients for the marinade in a basin and add steak cubes. Leave for at least 3 hours, turning occasionally. Meanwhile cut the pepper into 8 pieces and quarter the tomatoes. After allotted time, remove the steak cubes from the marinade. Arrange alternately with pieces of pepper and tomato on four skewers. Butter base of grill pan, put in kebabs and brush them with melted butter. Grill for about 20 minutes, turning occasionally. Place kebabs on a warm plate and pour juices from pan over them.
Serve with a salad.

APRIL'S ABC OF VITALITY

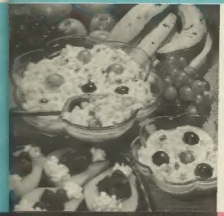


April has to keep herself fit and healthy in order that she can give of her best to the UNCLE organisation, and that means that she has to watch her diet. Whenever she feels that she is losing her trim figure, and thereby her agility, she tries to avoid starchy, fattening foods and concentrates on recipes like those below, which are rich in health-giving vitamins and minerals.

STUFFED EGGS
Serves 4
(Contains Vitamins A, B, C, D)

4 large eggs
2 ozs. butter
2 ozs. cream cheese
1 tablespoon milk
1 stick celery, finely chopped
salt
Cayenne pepper
few lettuce leaves

Boil eggs for 10 minutes, shell and cool. When cold, cut in half lengthways and remove yolks, being careful not to damage the whites. Cream butter, and beat in cream cheese, egg yolks, milk and celery. Season to taste with salt and Cayenne pepper. Pile mixture into egg whites.
Serve on a bed of lettuce.



APPLE DELIGHT
Serves 4
(Contains Vitamins A, C)

5 oz. carton yoghurt
2 large apples, grated
1 lemon, grated rind and juice
1 oz. castor sugar
1 oz. walnuts, chopped
a few black and green grapes

Empty yoghurt into a basin, add grated lemon rind and juice, sugar, walnuts, and then coarsely grated apple. Serve in one large dish, or four individual ones, decorated with the grapes.

QUICKIE SAVOURY DINNER
Serves 4
(Contains Vitamins A, B, D)

4 thin slices bread
1½ ozs. butter
4 slices canned tongue or ham
4 slices processed cheese
4 eggs
1 large packet frozen spinach
16 oz. can butter beans (optional)
1 tablespoon dried parsley

Heat spinach and butter beans according to directions on containers. Poach the eggs and keep hot. Toast the bread, spread with butter, cover with a slice of tongue or ham and top with slice of cheese. Cook under hot grill until cheese begins to melt. Place poached egg on top.
Serve immediately with drained spinach and butter beans sprinkled with dried parsley.

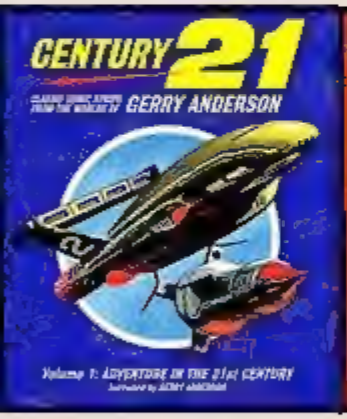
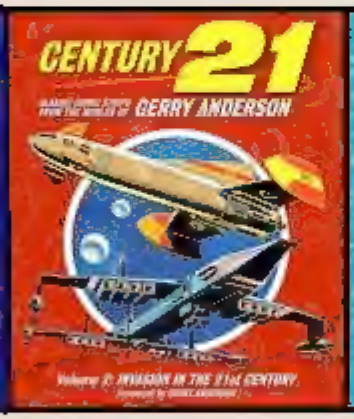
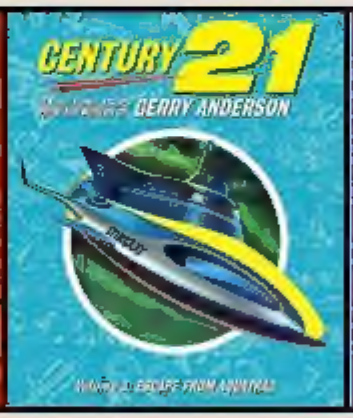
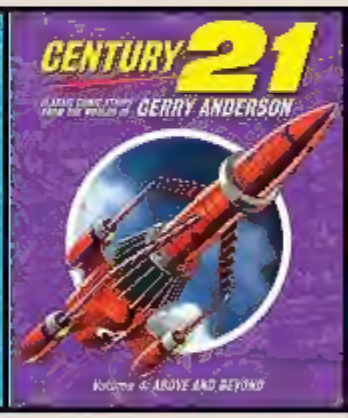
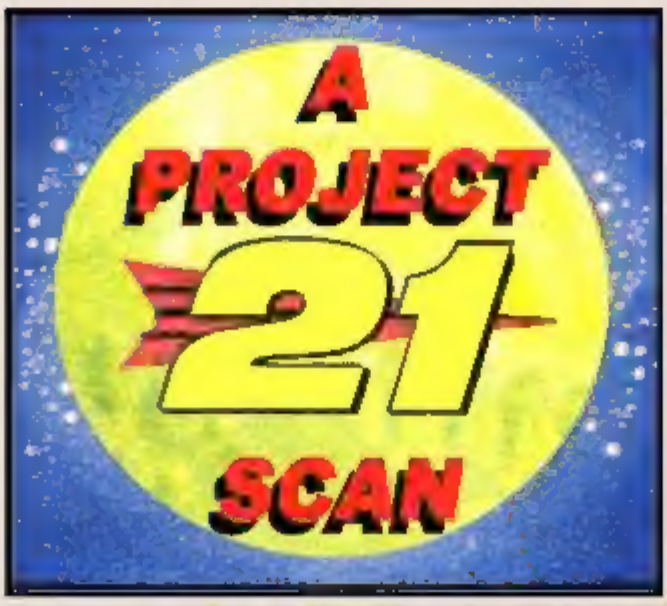
BACON SCRAMBLE ON APPLE RINGS
Serves 4
(Contains Vitamins A, B, D)

8 eggs
1 oz. butter
4 ozs. chopped bacon
salt and pepper
1 tablespoon single cream
1 large eating apple

Melt butter in a saucepan, add bacon and cook gently.
Meanwhile slice apple into 4 thick rings, remove core. Beat eggs, salt and pepper lightly together and pour into saucepan with cooked bacon. Keeping the heat low, stir all the time until mixture is soft and creamy. Stir in cream and then pile on to apple rings.

PROJECT

Please enjoy this FREE scan

Don't forget to support the official releases

http://www.rhbooks.com/index.htm